Order of the Daleks
by Mike Tucker

THE DOCTOR: COLIN BAKER
Time and space traveller.

CONSTANCE CLARKE: MIRANDA RAISON
Time traveller's companion – formerly L/Wren at Bletchley Park.

TANAPAL:/THE DALEKS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS
Austere Abbot./ Daleks.

PENDLE:
(M) 50s. Officious busybody from the Galactic Census.

ASTA:
(F) 20s. Keen new recruit to the Galactic Census.

BOSWYCK:
(M) 60s. Wise monastery herbalist.

RASPAK:
(M) 40s. Belligerent monastery guard commander.

ROSCO/ GABBER:
(M) Late teens/e20s. Earnest novices – twins. [NB: Gabber is mute after opening scene.]

HABRILD:
(M) 30s. Dim monastery guard – Raspak's second-in-command.

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PART ONE

1: INT. MONASTERY CORRIDOR

DISTANT MONASTIC CHANTING – WELL OFF (FROM CHAPEL).

MANY MONKS:
Esta, bevay, oona, panitay,
Esta, bevay, seela, noomala…

TWO YOUNG MEN CREEP SLOWLY FORWARDS, FOOTSTEPS ECHOING ON FLAGSTONES. THEY ARE TWINS: GABBER IS CONFIDENT AND ASSERTIVE; ROSCO IS NERVOUS.

GABBER:
Come on, Rosco!

ROSCO:
Stop bullying me, Gabber. I'm not a child.

GABBER:
No, but you are my younger brother.

ROSCO:
Only by two minutes.

GABBER:
I'm still older!

ROSCO:
Still – we shouldn't be here, Gabber. We'll get caught!

GABBER:
Stop dawdling, then, and follow me!

A MAN APPROACHES FROM THE CORRIDOR BEHIND THEM.

BOSWYCK:
Rosco? Gabber?

ROSCO:
(STARTLED) Master Boswyck!

BOSWYCK:
What are you doing in the East Range? You two should be preparing for Vespers.

ROSCO:
(STRUGGLING TO EXPLAIN) We were… uh…

GABBER:
(ASSURED) We were helping Allget the Unsteady with his chores.

BOSWYCK:
(SUSPICIOUS) Really?

GABBER:
Yes, he needed help bringing in the planna weed and drilf beans for tonight's supper.

BOSWYCK:
How charitable of you. — Hurry and join the other novices, then. The candles in the chapel will not light themselves.

ROSCO and GABBER:
Yes, Master Boswyck.

PATTER OF FOOTSTEPS AS THE BOYS HURRY AWAY.

BOSWYCK:
Novices.

HE WALKS OFF. FADE.

2: INT. ANOTHER MONASTERY CORRIDOR

FX: FADE UP. GABBER AND ROSCO HURRY TO HALT.

GABBER:
Right, here's the door.

ROSCO:
Are you mad? We can't carry on now, Gabber – Master Boswyck saw us!

GABBER:
And he thinks that he saw us run off to the chapel, too. Don't you see, Rosco? There'll never be a better time to investigate the passage!

ROSCO:
I still think Raspak's going to miss that key…

GABBER:
Raspak will far too busy strutting about giving orders to notice. We'll have it back on his belt before he even realises that it's gone.

ROSCO:
How do you even know it's the right one?

KEY CLATTERING INTO A LOCK; CREAK OF A DOOR OPENING.

GABBER:
Because it works…

VERY DISTANTLY: A NOISE DRIFTS DOWN FROM INSIDE THE PASSAGEWAY. SAME 'HEARTBEAT' RHYTHM AS THE DALEK CONTROL ROOM SOUND EFFECT – BUT AN ORGANIC VERSION.

ROSCO:
I hear something. Down there.

GABBER:
It's just echoes. – Now, are you coming or not?

ROSCO:
I can't…

GABBER:
Surely you want to know what all the secrecy's about? What Raspak and the others are guarding so closely?

ROSCO:
I'm too scared.

GABBER:
You always were the timid one, little brother. – Stay here, then, and keep watch.

HE STARTS TO SCRAMBLE INTO THE PASSAGEWAY. WE STAY WITH ROSCO AS GABBER MAKES HIS WAY DOWN THE PASSAGEWAY.

ROSCO:
(SOTTO) Can you see anything?

GABBER:
(HISSED FROM OFF – DOWN PASSAGEWAY) Give my eyes a chance to adjust, it's dark in here – (BREAKS OFF) No, wait, I can see something…

ROSCO:
(HISSED) See what?

MUFFLED NOISE FROM INSIDE PASSAGEWAY – A SCUFFLING AND A DISTANT HISS (WHICH WE LATER LEARN WAS A DALEK MUTANT).

ROSCO:
(HISSED) What can you see? Gabber? (BEAT; LOUDER NOW) Gabber??

GABBER:
(SCREAMS FROM OFF) Aaaaaaaargh!

ROSCO:
Gabber! Are you hurt? Gabber! Gabber?

GABBER:
(RETURNING – RAGGED, FRIGHTENED BREATHING, CONTINUES THROUGH:)

ROSCO:
There you are, thank goodness. Come on, we need to get away from here. (BEAT) Gabber? What's wrong? What happened down there? Gabber, why won't you speak? Please, just say something! Gabber!!!

FADE.

3: EXT. MOORLAND

TRUMPETING OF THE TARDIS INTERRUPTS THE SONG OF DISTANT ALIEN BIRDS AND THE MOOING AND SNUFFLING OF A HERD OF LARGE ALIEN BEASTS. A 'THUMP' AS IT FULLY MATERIALISES, THEN RATTLE OF DOOR AS THE DOCTOR AND CONSTANCE STEP OUT.

DOCTOR:
Here we are, Mrs Clarke – the planet Strellin.

CONSTANCE:
It's very rural.

DOCTOR:
No technology to speak of, no terra-forming geo-machines. A veritable Shangri-La. (BREATHES IN DRAMATICALLY) Just take a lungful of that air!

CONSTANCE:
(BREATHS IN – THEN COUGHS AND SPLUTTERS AS SHE CATCHES A WHIFF OF MANURE) Ugh. Country air, certainly.

DOCTOR:
I admit, it's not as fragrant as one might have hoped. But a natural odour, nonetheless. Those are the culprits, I suspect.

LOWING AND RUSTLING AS THE HERD OF ANIMALS GETS CLOSER.

DOCTOR:
A herd of Brandelak. Grazing herbivores. Making their way to the southern plains for the winter, no doubt.

CONSTANCE:
Space buffalo. They're really rather magnificent.

DOCTOR:
Indeed they are. "Until one has loved an animal a part of one's soul remains unawakened." Anatole France.

CONSTANCE:
Well, I hope they're safe from big game hunters.

DOCTOR:
Don't you worry, Mrs Clarke. The only humans in this region of Strellin, so far as I'm aware, are the members of the Brotherhood of the Black Petal.

CONSTANCE:
They sound rather menacing.

DOCTOR:
Oh, far from it. They're an ancient order of monks, noted for their exquisite works in stained glass.

CONSTANCE:
(SIGHS) I wish I had a camera.

DOCTOR:
Yes, the panorama is rather pleasing. (THOUGHTFULLY) I do believe I've got a Box Brownie tucked away in one of the TARDIS cupboards. Won't be a jiffy…

CLATTER OF DOOR AS THE DOCTOR VANISHES INSIDE THE TARDIS, LEAVING CONSTANCE LISTENING TO THE MOOING BRANDELAK.

CONSTANCE:
(TO HERSELF) Savour every last moment, my girl. Every… last… moment.

SUDDENLY A VOICE CALLS OUT FROM THE DISTANCE.

PENDLE:
(DISTANT) I say, you there!

CONSTANCE:
(STARTLED) Who's that?

PENDLE:
(APPROACHING, CALLING OUT) Yes, you, girl! Wait there!

CONSTANCE:
(CALLING BACK INTO TARDIS) Doctor… we appear to have company. A man and a woman!

PENDLE:
(ARRIVES, PUFFING AND PANTING) What are you doing here, with such an incongruous box?

CONSTANCE:
Me? Just, er, taking in the air. Hello.

ASTA:
(CHEERILY) Hello.

PENDLE:
Don't engage with her, Asta!

ASTA:
Sorry, Assessor Pendle.

CONSTANCE:
I only said hello…

PENDLE:
(INDIGNANT) Yes, if nothing in the world were wrong!

CONSTANCE:
Is there a problem? Am I trespassing?

PENDLE:
As if you don't know. Standing there in synthetic clothes for all the world to see. And as for this eyesore of a box…! (TUTTING) Well, I'm afraid that it is going to incur a hefty fine…

TARDIS DOOR CLATTERS OPEN AS THE DOCTOR EMERGES.

DOCTOR:
This 'eyesore', as you call it, is mine. I am the Doctor, and this is Mrs Constance Clarke. Now what's all this about a fine?

PENDLE:
Two of you, by Jiminy. Well, sir, you have both just found yourselves in a great deal of trouble. A great deal of trouble indeed…

DOCTOR:
Is that so? May I ask who *you* are, 'sir', and what exactly it is we're supposed to have done?

PENDLE:
Are you aware of the name of this planet, sir?

DOCTOR:
(STARTING TO BRISTLE NOW) Yes, 'sir', I am very well aware of its name. The planet Strellin is renowned throughout the galaxy for its peaceful tranquillity, and if it is to retain that noble reputation will you please stop prevaricating and tell us who you are!

PENDLE:
(ALSO BRISTLING) Prevaricating? Prevaricating?! I've never been [so…]

ASTA:
(INTERRUPTING TO KEEP THE PEACE) Doctor, this is planetary assessor Malcolm Pendle, of the Central Galactic Census Bureau. I'm junior assessor Jane Asta.

PENDLE:
Probationary assessor. Let's not get ahead of ourselves, shall we, Ms Asta?

ASTA:
No, Assessor. (CONFIDENTIALLY) It's my first time out in the field.

DOCTOR:
Well it's always good to get your hands dirty. (BEAT) Galactic Census, eh?

PENDLE:
(PROUDLY) Indeed. You and your associate have just made planetfall on a grade three world without taking the proper precautions. Your appearance could do untold harm to the inhabitants.

CONSTANCE:
But we've not seen any inhabitants. We're in the middle of nowhere!

DOCTOR:
Allow me to reassure you. I am something of an expert when it comes to visiting pre-space age civilisations. (PROUDLY) I am a Time Lord.

PENDLE:
A Time Lord, hm?

DOCTOR:
Indeed.

PENDLE:
Then you should know better! Swanning around space and time as if you own it all. The arrogance of you people amazes me.

DOCTOR:
Arrogant? Me?

PENDLE:
You won't get away with this, you know. (PATTING SATCHEL) Now — where are my penalty fine notifications?

DOCTOR:
What are you going to do? Stick a ticket on my TARDIS? Well, let me tell you—

CONSTANCE:
(INTERRUPTING) Stop it, both of you!

AN ABRUPT SILENCE.

CONSTANCE:
That's better. Will someone please tell me what a 'grade three planet' is, and why it is such a problem that we're on one?

PENDLE:
You pretend not to know…?

ASTA:
A grade three planet is one that has no significant technology, no knowledge of other worlds, and as such, has a protected status.

CONSTANCE:
A mediaeval society, you're saying.

ASTA:
Er, yes. Landings by offworlders are strictly prohibited.

DOCTOR:
Which rather brings us to the question of what you two are doing here, hmm?

ASTA:
We're, well —

PENDLE:
(INTERRUPTING) We are here on a mission of an extremely sensitive nature.

DOCTOR:
Why? What have you found?

PENDLE:
(MERELY 'HARRUMPHS')

DOCTOR:
Come on man, I might be able to help!

ASTA:
We've picked up a signal, you see —

PENDLE:
(WARNING) Asta…

ASTA:
But surely they could be of assistance, Assessor…

DOCTOR:
(INTRIGUED NOW) A signal? From here?

CONSTANCE:
What kind of a signal? A distress call of some kind?

PENDLE:
The type of signal is academic! It's the fact that it originates here at all!

DOCTOR:
It was definitely artificially generated? Not a natural occurrence?

PENDLE:
We'd hardly be wasting our time here if that were remotely possible.

CONSTANCE:
Why didn't we pick up this signal in the TARDIS?

DOCTOR:
(THOUGHTFULLY) I'm not sure…

PENDLE:
(DISMISSIVELY) Well, your equipment hardly looks state of the art…

DOCTOR:
Appearances can be deceptive. Still, it's worth checking. Hold this Box Brownie for me, would you?

THE DOCTOR DUMPS THE CAMERA INTO HIS HANDS.

PENDLE:
But — this is a camera! I shall have to confiscate this!

DOCTOR:
(RUMMAGING THROUGH POCKETS) Now somewhere in this pocket I should have… A-ha! (HE PULLS OUT A SCANNER)

PENDLE:
A portable scanner?! — This irresponsible brandishing of anachronistic technology must stop!

DOCTOR:
Just be quiet for a moment, there's a good chap. Now then…

HE TUNES THE CONTROLS. DISCORDANT WHISTLING CONTINUES AS WE CROSS TO:

4: EXT. MOORLAND — A LITTLE WAY OFF [CONTINUOUS]

RUSTLING IN LONG GRASSES.

ROSCO:
(HISSED) Stay down, Gabber! Don't be alarmed. We mustn't let them see us. — If you hadn't heard the noise that blue box of theirs made… (A BEAT — AS HE 'HEARS' GABBER'S UNSPOKEN QUESTION) No, I've never seen anything like it before, either.

CROSS BACK TO:

5: EXT. MOORLAND [CONTINUOUS]

A REGULAR, RHYTHMIC BEEPING ISSUES FROM THE SPEAKER.

ASTA:
That's the signal!

DOCTOR:
Yes… Well, there's nothing natural about that. A subspace signal, operating on a very narrow bandwidth.

CONSTANCE:
Listen. It's a repeating cycle. Like an SOS?

ASTA:
Any possibility that the inhabitants might have finally achieved grade two status has to be investigated.

DOCTOR:
I find it highly unlikely that this is something generated by the locals.

ASTA:
I agree. And if it's not come from them, then…

PENDLE:
(INTERRUPTING) Yes, well, that is why we are here. To investigate, not speculate. So if you will kindly unburden me of this 'Box Brownie' …

HE DUMPS IT BACK INTO THE DOCTOR'S HANDS.

PENDLE:
… There. Come along, Asta, we've wasted quite enough time here.

CONSTANCE:
So you know where the signal is coming from?

ASTA:
Yes, from the monastery in the valley.

DOCTOR:
Excellent! That's where we were heading, anyway. We'll come with you.

PENDLE:
Out of the question! Contact with such a reclusive order is a delicate matter, requiring years of training.

DOCTOR:
(FAWNING) Then we'll be able to watch a master of the technique at work.

PENDLE:
Well, I suppose if you stay out of the way…

DOCTOR:
But of course. You'll barely notice us.

PENDLE:
Very well. But your… associate should cover herself up. The monks are very impressionable. Not sure how they'd react to an overt display of femininity.

CONSTANCE:
I hardly think my outfit's likely to start a riot!

DOCTOR:
No, but Mr Pendle may have a point. I daresay the monks are rather naïve. There's a cloak in the TARDIS — perhaps you could…?

CONSTANCE:
A cloak? — Oh, alright, then. But only because the breeze is a shade autumnal.

CONSTANCE EXITS INTO TARDIS. CROSS TO:

6: EXT. MOORLAND – A LITTLE WAY OFF [CONTINUOUS]

THE GROUP AROUND THE TARDIS, HEARD FROM A DISTANCE.

ASTA:
(OFF) Thank you, Doctor. So many regulations have been broken already.

DOCTOR:
(OFF) Not at all.

PENDLE:
(OFF) How long's she going to be? I don't think we should wait.

ROSCO:
(SOTTO; TO GABBER) Demons? You really think…? The one in the colours looks very strange, you're right.

OFF – TARDIS DOOR OPENS AGAIN.

CONSTANCE:
(OFF) Better?

DOCTOR:
(OFF) Splendid. – I trust that hood covers Mrs Clarke's lovely features sufficiently, Pendle?

PENDLE:
(OFF) Yes, yes, yes. Now, come along. I've no intention of being out on this moor after dark.

DOCTOR:
(OFF) Then please, lay on!

THEY SET OFF ACROSS THE MOORLAND, FOOSTEPS FADING. A RUSTLE AS ROSCO GETS TO HIS FEET.

ROSCO:
All right, Gabber. They've gone now.

RUSTLING AS GABBER RISES FROM GRASSES.

ROSCO:
We must warn Master Boswyck about these demons. And if we take the old Brandelak trail… we can beat them to the monastery.

THE TWO BOYS HURRY AWAY.

7: EXT. MOORLAND. EVENING

FADE UP. DOCTOR AND CONSTANCE WALKING BRISKLY BEHIND PENDLE AND ASTA.

CONSTANCE:
So what do you think's going on here, Doctor? Do you suppose that signal came from someone else who's landed on this planet?

DOCTOR:
Possibly. I only hope your 'big game' theory turns out to be incorrect. (MUSING) That said… there was something oddly familiar about the pattern of that signal, if I could only put my finger on it…

PENDLE:
(CALLING BACK FROM A LITTLE WAY AHEAD) Come along, you two. Don't dawdle. Our destination is in sight!

CONSTANCE:
The monastery?

DOCTOR:
Just over this rise, I suspect… Ah, and there it is!

CONSTANCE:
Goodness. It's more like a palace!

DOCTOR:
That's why I was so keen to see it. A wonder of timber, masonry and stained glass, crafted by— (BREAKS OFF SUDDENLY; A GASP OF DISCOMFORT AS SOMETHING PIERCES HIS MIND) Ah!

CONSTANCE:
Doctor? Are you all right?

PENDLE:
(COMING OVER) Are you in pain, man?

DOCTOR:
(RECOVERING) No, no, I'm fine. Just a mental twinge, that's all.

CONSTANCE:
A mental twinge?

DOCTOR:
A momentary telepathic contact, perhaps…?

ASTA:
Telepathy? With someone here?

DOCTOR:
Well, I'm only speculating.

PENDLE:
What rubbish. Come along, Asta. We're nearly at the gates.

HE STRIDES OFF, FOLLOWED BY THE OTHERS.

8: INT. BOSWYCK'S APOTHECARY

DISTANT CLANGING OF BELL – CONTINUES. ROSCO AND GABBER'S FOOTSTEPS ON FLAGSTONES OF CORRIDOR OUTSIDE, THEN A FRANTIC KNOCKING ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE WOODEN DOOR.

ROSCO:
(OUTSIDE; BREATHLESS) Master Boswyck! Master Boswyck!

BOSWYCK:
Come.

DOOR CLATTERS OPEN.

ROSCO:
(BREATHLESS) Master Boswyck, [I—]

BOSWYCK:
Rosco and Gabber. Why is it that whenever there is noise and commotion, you two are always the source of it?

ROSCO:
Master Boswyck – we are beset by demons!

BOSWYCK:
(SCEPTICAL) Demons, Rosco?

ROSCO:
My brother and I were on the moor. There was a terrible noise, then we saw a box had apparated there, bringing two oddly-dressed demons to our lands!

BOSWYCK:
Two, you say? A veritable horde.

ROSCO:
They were then joined by two more.

BOSWYCK:
Also demons?

ROSCO:
No, they were in plain robes. Their acolytes, perhaps! The box in which they arrived still stands on the moor. We must tell the Abbot. The demons must be banished before they destroy us all!

BOSWYCK:
Let's not get over-excited, shall we, Rosco? [I accept that you may have seen something unusual…]

MEANWHILE, RASPAK HAS BEEN HURRYING ALONG CORRIDOR OUTSIDE.

RASPAK:
(ARRIVING) Master Boswyck, have you seen — (SEES ROSCO AND GABBER) Rosco and Gabber. There you are. Why did you ignore the alarum?

ROSCO:
A-alarum, sir?

RASPAK:
The bell, idiot boy!

BOSWYCK:
Raspak — the bell always sounds this time of an evening.

RASPAK:
This isn't a call to drill, Boswyck. Four strangers approach the gates. I need all the novices to ready arms.

ROSCO:
(WHISPERING) The demons!

RASPAK:
What was that, boy?

BOSWYCK:
Oh, pay him no heed. The boy has been suffering from troubled sleep. I was merely preparing a herbal remedy for him.

RASPAK:
Well, make it quick — the strangers will be here any moment, and I need these two outside.

HE LEAVES, SLAMMING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

ROSCO:
We must warn them, Master Boswyck. The demons…

BOSWYCK:
Strangers, Rosco, strangers. Let's find out a little bit more about them before we label them denizens of hell and condemn them to the flames, hm?

ROSCO:
But…

BOSWYCK:
(STERNLY) I've spared you Raspak's wrath. Now we'll have no more talk of apparating demons and acolytes — you understand?

ROSCO:
Yes, Master Boswyck.

BOSWYCK:
Gabber, too. Not that you'll be telling anyone anything, I suppose, since you adopted this 'vow of silence'. But nonetheless…? (BEAT WHILE GABBER NODS) Good. Run along now and join the other novices. I shall take the information you have given me to the Abbot.

ROSCO:
Yes, Master Boswyck.

THE TWO BOYS HURRY OUT.

9: EXT. OUTSIDE MONASTERY GATES

DISTANT BELL CONTINUES AS DOCTOR, CONSTANCE, PENDLE AND ASTA ARRIVE AT THE MONASTERY GATES.

CONSTANCE:
Imposing gates, aren't they?

DOCTOR:
A symphony in carved flowers. As I said, the Brotherhood are master craftsmen.

CONSTANCE:
Yes, but gates this size usually mean one thing:

DOCTOR:
They do?

ASTA:
"Keep out."

CONSTANCE:
So how do we get in – knock?

PENDLE:
You will do no such thing. Asta – please relate the first principle of first contact?

ASTA:
"We must make our presence known in a non-aggressive way."

PENDLE:
Now, [watch as I attempt to do just that…]

OVER THIS: CLATTER OF BOLTS BEING DRAWN…

CONSTANCE:
I don't think that will be necessary.

… AND THE GATES OF THE MONASTERY BEGIN TO OPEN.

ASTA:
The gates are opening!

PENDLE:
Now then. Leave all the talking to me. These are simple people…

RASPAK:
(OFF) There they are. Present arms!

A DOZEN NOVICES:
(PRESENT ARMS WITH A NOISY HAKA-LIKE CRY) Ha!!!

CONSTANCE:
Simple people with staffs and spears…

PENDLE:
(STEPPING FORWARD) Greetings, gentle brothers, we are merchants…

RASPAK:
(OFF) Seize them!

A DOZEN NOVICES:
(CHARGE FORWARD, OVERWHELMING THE GROUP) Raaaaaaaaaaaaa-!

NOVICES CHARGE FORWARD. SCUFFLING.

PENDLE:
(GRABBED) Now really, there is no need for this aggression!

ASTA:
(GRABBED) Ah!

CONSTANCE:
(GRABBED) Do you mind!

RASPAK:
Cease! (STEPPING FORWARD) Speak! — why have you come?

PENDLE:
My c-colleague and I are humble merchants, nothing more.

RASPAK:
Then why do the two in the cloaks hide their faces with hoods?

PENDLE:
Er…

CONSTANCE:
(LOWERING HOOD) As you see, we've nothing to hide.

A DOZEN NOVICES:
(GASP)

DOCTOR:
(HASTILY) These two… er, boys, are our apprentices. I assure you, they're quite harmless!

RASPAK:
That's for the Abbot to decide. (TO HIS MEN) You men: lock these… apprentice boys in one of the cells. —

ASTA AND CONSTANCE ARE BUNDLED AWAY.

CONSTANCE:
(AS SHE'S BUNDLED AWAY) You've seized us already, there's no need to drag us —

RASPAK:
You others: these so-called 'merchants' are coming with me!

DOCTOR AND PENDLE ARE DRAGGED OFF IN ANOTHER DIRECTION.

PENDLE:
(DRAGGED) Oh, mercy!

DOCTOR:
It is *so* enlightening watching a master of first contact at work.

10: INT. ABBOT'S CHAMBER

FADE UP GENTLE TINKLING OF WINDCHIMES IN THE BACKGROUND. OVERALL CALM ATMOS. SCUFFLING FROM OFF AS 4 x NOVICES DRAG THE DOCTOR AND PENDLE IN.

PENDLE:
(OFF) Oh, do be careful…

DOCTOR:
(OFF) There really is no need to manhandle us like this…

RASPAK:
Halt!

ALL STOP – SCUFFLING CEASES.

TANAPAL:
(CURT – WE'LL LEARN THAT HE'S THE PUPPET OF THE BLACK DALEK) Raspak? What is this noise?

RASPAK:
I apologise for disturbing the peace of your chamber, holy one, but these are the strangers.

TANAPAL:
Guards – release your grip.

DOCTOR AND PENDLE RELAX.

DOCTOR:
(STEPPING FORWARD) My thanks. May I ask whom we are addressing?

TANAPAL:
I am Tanapal. Abbot of the Brotherhood of the Black Petal.

DOCTOR:
Forgive me, your holiness – but I'm at a loss to understand why Brother Raspak here greets strangers not with kindness, but with spears and staves.

BOSWYCK:
(STEPPING FORWARD) It is Brother Raspak's duty to ensure our monastery's security. On this occasion, it seems he may have exceeded himself.

RASPAK:
(BRISTLING) It is not I who exceeds himself… Herbalist! Sticking your nose in where it's not wanted, as usual –

TANAPAL:
(FIRM – NOT ANGRY) Silence, brothers.

(THE TWO BECOME SILENT)

TANAPAL:
Strangers are rare in this region. Tell me: where did you come from?

DOCTOR:
Well, your [holiness–]

PENDLE:
(INTERRUPTING) As I have tried to explain, your eminence, my colleague and I are merchants, come from the cities of the East in search of new markets to sell our wares.

TANAPAL:
Unaccompanied?

RASPAK:
They came with two 'apprentice boys', your holiness. I had them locked up.

BOSWYCK:
Nonetheless… the few merchants we have met before brought with them pack animals, and had sherpas to guide them through the perilous mountain paths. (FISHING) Did you not leave a caravan, perhaps, somewhere on the moor?

DOCTOR:
(AWARE OF WHAT BOSWYCK IS DOING) Or perhaps we're just travelling light.

TANAPAL:
But you were fortunate to find our monastery, without the help of local guides.

DOCTOR:
Ah, well–

PENDLE:
(BUTTING IN) Kindly leave the talking to me. – As a matter of fact, your holiness, we <u>were</u> guided here. But not by sherpas.

TANAPAL:
Then how?

DOCTOR:
Do stop pussyfooting around, Pendle. – Abbot Tanapal: I don't suppose you know of any signal being sent from this monastery?

TANAPAL:
(SUDDENLY HARD – THE WORD'S HAD AN ELECTRIC EFFECT) Signal? What do you mean by 'signal'? (BARKED) Speak!!!

PENDLE:
(TERRIFIED) Summoned! We were summoned!

DOCTOR:
(WARNING) Pendle…! (TO ABBOT) Yes, we were summoned, in the manner of speaking. By – how to put it? By a strange reverberation in the ether!

BOSWYCK:
(SMOOTHLY) Ah, I see it now. Your holiness – I believe that what these merchants are trying to tell us is that they were led here by the tolling of the tower bell, used to call the faithful to prayer.

PENDLE:
(RELIEVED) The bell! Yes, yes, that was it! Exactly!

RASPAK:
(DUHH!) The tolling of our bell couldn't be heard in the cities of the east!

BOSWYCK:
But the sound carries through the mountain passes, does it not? Indeed, I believe it to be amplified there.

DOCTOR:
That, Master Boswyck, I believe to be a sound observation. (TO TANAPAL) Your holiness – night draws on. Please, might we prevail on your hospitality, just for one evening?

TANAPAL:
(DECISIVELY) Raspak, have these merchants join their apprentices in the secure quarters.

DOCTOR:
'Secure quarters'?

TANAPAL:
A cell is the only accommodation we have, even for honoured guests. (CLAPS HANDS) Take them away!

NOVICES LEAD DOCTOR AND PENDLE OUT.

PENDLE:
(LED AWAY) This is all wrong. We're only merchants…

BOSWYCK:
(TO TANAPAL) Perhaps if I might return to my duties, your holiness…?

TANAPAL:
Of course.

RASPAK:
Begone, Boswyck.

BOSWYCK EXITS QUICKLY, CLOSING LARGE WOODEN DOORS BEHIND HIM WITH A HEFTY THUD. BEAT. ALONE WITH RASPAK, TANAPAL'S VOICE BECOMES ANGRY AND URGENT.

TANAPAL:
These people are not merchants, Raspak.

RASPAK:
No, master.

TANAPAL:
They have heard our signal. They are visitors from beyond this world.

RASPAK:
Yes, master.

TANAPAL:
They cannot have landed in the mountains. Search the moors. Find the vessel they arrived in. Find it, and bring it here!

11: INT. CELL

CLATTER OF A KEY IN AN OLD LOCK. WOODEN DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

CONSTANCE:
Doctor! Thank goodness.

ASTA:
Assessor Pendle – are you all right?

DOCTOR:
Thank you, guards. There's no need to point the way with spears.

DOCTOR AND PENDLE TROOP IN. DOOR CLOSED AND LOCKED BEHIND.

ASTA:
You've not been harmed, then – either of you?

PENDLE:
No thanks to the Doctor. Complicating matters with his talk of 'signals'!

DOCTOR:
I think you'll find that matters are already far more complicated than any of us would like, Mr Pendle.

CONSTANCE:
Why? What did the Abbot say to you?

DOCTOR:
It was more what that he didn't say. But he knows something about the subspace signal, that's for certain. The guard captain Raspak, too. And I'm still bothered by that telepathic contact I experienced, on the moor…

CONSTANCE:
Your 'mental twinge', you mean?

CROSS TO:

12: INT. OUTSIDE CELL [CONTINUOUS]

PRISONERS' VOICES JUST AUDIBLE THROUGH DOOR AS BOSWYCK WALKS UP TO THE GUARD OUTSIDE – HABRILD.

PENDLE:
(OFF) Pseudo-mystic fiddle-faddle!

DOCTOR:
(OFF; LOUDLY) Trust me, Mr Pendle. My instincts in these matters are rarely wrong.

PENDLE:
(OFF; SCOFFING) Faugh!!!

CONSTANCE:
(OFF) What was it, Doctor? This 'twinge'?

DOCTOR:
(OFF) I'm convinced I felt a presence, Mrs Clarke. A living mental contact!

ASTA:
(OFF) Ssh, someone's outside!

FOOTSTEPS STOP OUTSIDE CELL.

HABRILD:
Can I help you, Master Boswyck?

BOSWYCK:
Guard Habrild. There is no need for you to stand sentry here.

HABRILD:
But, Brother Raspak said…

BOSWYCK:
I am Brother Raspak's senior, and I would have you assist Allget the Unsteady in the kitchens.

HABRILD:
(UNSURE) I –

BOSWYCK:
Or would you rather clean out the garderobes? Now: give me the keys. I shall be responsible for our guests.

HABRILD:
Yes, Master Boswyck.

HANDS OVER JANGLING KEYS, THEN EXITS DOWN CORRIDOR. CROSS TO:

13: INT. CELL [CONTINUOUS]

CLATTER OF KEY IN LOCK. WOODEN DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

DOCTOR:
Ah. Master Boswyck, isn't it? The herbalist.

BOSWYCK:
I could not help but overhear what you were saying… 'Doctor'.

DOCTOR:
Nasty habit, eavesdropping.

BOSWYCK:
But enlightening. You say that you sensed a 'presence'? In the monastery?

DOCTOR:
Around it, certainly.

CONSTANCE:
Master Boswyck. Are we really the only strangers who've come here recently?

BOSWYCK:
(AMUSED – HE KNOWS) Ah. One of the 'boy apprentices'.

ASTA:
Look, we're not boys.

PENDLE:
Asta, please, your disguise…

ASTA:
It doesn't matter any more. It's far more important that we get to the bottom of all this, and quickly.

BOSWYCK:
Nonetheless, you should proceed discreetly. Some of the novices won't ever have set eyes on a woman before.

CONSTANCE:
Please, Master Boswyck. I asked you a question.

BOSWYCK:
At the end of the last harvest, during the height of the autumn storms, a star was spotted in the southern sky. But as it drew closer, it became clear that this was no natural phenomenon.

DOCTOR:
A spacecraft.

BOSWYCK:
Indeed. It crashed in the fields to the east. The fireball lit up the sky for miles.

ASTA:
(PLEASED WITH HERSELF) I knew that signal had to be of off-world origin.

BOSWYCK:
Our order is sworn to protect the sanctity of all life – even if that life is not of our world – so we ventured out to see what could be done to help.

DOCTOR:
There were survivors, weren't there?

BOSWYCK:
Many had died, but yes, some had survived the crash. We brought them and the remains of their vessel back to the monastery. We nursed them back to health as best we could, though these were beings unlike anything we had ever encountered…

PENDLE:
(GROANS) Oh, no. Oh no, no, no. A grade three planet exposed to grade one technology. Do you have any idea how much paperwork there'll be?

ASTA:
So the signal we heard, that came from the crashed ship?

BOSWYCK:
The creatures tried to show us how to repair their machinery, but their craft was badly damaged. Their, er, t-t-t… (SEARCHES FOR THE WORD)

CONSTANCE:
Transmitter?

BOSWYCK:
That's right. Their transmitter is within the walls, but the signal it produces is very weak.

PENDLE:
And the creatures themselves? They're still here?

BOSWYCK:
They stay near the remains of their craft. They work night and day, aided by the Abbot's personal guard. But they work in secret. The few assisting them have sworn never to speak of what they see or do.

PENDLE:
But this is appalling! To show such contempt of accepted protocol, to involve the populace in such a manner! We shall need forms, Asta, lots and lots of forms.

DOCTOR:
The occupants of that craft crashed, Pendle! I'm sure they've been thinking only of their own survival…

BOSWYCK:
(SIGHS) Ah, if only that were true. Sadly these creatures have more than just survival on their minds…

DOCTOR:
Oh?

BOSWYCK:
I believe that the Abbot is under the influence of these creatures, that they are controlling him for some malign purpose. — Doctor, you said that you sensed a presence. I have been praying for help to come to our monastery. Perhaps my prayers have been answered…

DOCTOR:
(SCEPTICAL) I'd not go that far, Master Boswyck. But I think you'd better take us to these troublesome visitors of yours, don't you?

BOSWYCK:
Follow me.

ALL EXIT INTO:

14: INT. OUTSIDE CELL [CONTINUOUS]

AS BOSWYCK LEADS THE DOCTOR AND THE OTHERS OUTSIDE…

BOSWYCK:
The creatures confine themselves to the East Range.

ROSCO:
(RUNNING UP) Master Boswyck! Master Boswyck!

BOSWYCK:
Rosco. What is it now?

ROSCO:
I had to find you. Raspak has taken guards to fetch the strangers' caravan, and bring it back to the monastery!

BOSWYCK:
(ANGRY) I thought I told you to say nothing…

ROSCO:
(INTERRUPTING) Not the box. A strange shiny caravan. Two of the Brothers returning from the Black Valley reported seeing it on the moor!

ASTA:
Oh no…

PENDLE:
Our shuttle. This is terrible news. Terrible!

CONSTANCE:
I'm sure it's not as bad as all that.

PENDLE:
Not that bad! Do you have any idea of the cultural pollution it might cause?

ASTA:
He's right. The shuttle is packed with anachronisms. Communications devices, star maps, a food synthesiser…

DOCTOR:
But only if the monks gain entry to your ship. I can't believe you were foolish enough to leave it unlocked?

PENDLE:
Of course not!

CONSTANCE:
Well then. Surely the damage will be limited.

ASTA:
But it's our responsibility. We have to ensure that the ship is secure. Ideally remove it from the scene.

PENDLE:
Well, then, Asta – you'll have to go. Take this Mrs Clarke with you, if you must.

ASTA:
You forget, sir: I'm not a qualified pilot.

DOCTOR:
(SIGHS) Right, I'll go. You three stay here, I'll be as quick as I can.

PENDLE:
Out of the question! I can't allow you to wander around a grade three planet unsupervised!

ASTA:
Well the solution is obvious then, isn't it?

DOCTOR:
It is?

ASTA:
There are two of us and two of you. You and Assessor Pendle secure and remove the shuttle, while I investigate the aliens with Mrs Clarke.

PENDLE:
Probationary Assessor Asta, if you really [think—]

ASTA:
(INTERUPTING) Probationary Assessor, exactly. Such a mission would be the ideal way for you to assess my suitability to become a full Assessor. That, after all, is the point of my being here.

PENDLE:
Well, yes, I suppose. But you will observe these aliens only. Make unsupervised contact and I shall be obliged to fail you!

ASTA:
Fine by me.

CONSTANCE:
Well, that seems to have settled that.

BOSWYCK:
Rosco, will you show the Doctor and this man Pendle how they may access the moor without passing through the main gate?

ROSCO:
(NERVOUS) Me, Master Boswyck? Consort with demons?

BOSWYCK:
As I've already explained to you, Rosco, these people are strangers, nothing more. You have nothing to fear from them.

DOCTOR:
Indeed. My bark is worse than my bite, I assure you. And Pendle here's a pussycat really – aren't you, Pendle?

ROSCO:
(THINKS) Alright, then. This way.

DOCTOR:
(QUIETLY) Mrs Clarke – although I have absolute faith in your abilities, I presume you're happy with this arrangement?

CONSTANCE:
Perfectly happy. Observation only, then we'll retire.

DOCTOR:
As soon as the shuttle's secure, we'll come and find you.

PENDLE:
Doctor, if you're quite finished…?

CONSTANCE:
Good luck.

DOCTOR:
Right, young man. Lead on.

DOCTOR, PENDLE AND ROSCO HEAD OFF - LEFT.

CONSTANCE:
The East Range, you said, Master Boswyck?

BOSWYCK:
If anyone should challenge us, let me do the talking. This way.

CONSTANCE, ASTA AND BOSWYCK HEAD OFF – RIGHT. FADE.

15: INT. MONASTERY CORRIDOR

FADE UP. FAINT 'ORGANIC HEARTBEAT' FROM OFF. BOSWYCK, CONSTANCE AND ASTA RUN UP.

BOSWYCK:
The aliens' chamber is through here. Usually it's guarded, but doubtless Raspak has got all the bodies he can out collecting this 'caravan'.

ASTA:
(SNIFFING THE AIR) What *is* that awful smell?

CONSTANCE:
Meat. It's like a butcher's market.

BOSWYCK:
Hoods up, perhaps? — Now, quietly!

JANGLE OF KEYS. KEY IN LOCK. CREAK OF WOODEN DOOR OPENING AS ALL THREE ENTER INTO:

16: INT. DALEKS' CHAMBER [CONTINUOUS]

IN B/G IS ORGANIC HEARTBEAT-STYLE THROB HEARD IN SCENE 2 – SIMILAR IN TEMPO TO THE 'DALEK CONTROL ROOM' NOISE. BOSWYCK CLOSES DOOR. SLIGHTLY HUSHED VOICES.

BOSWYCK:
Observe, yonder. That is how the injured creatures have been kept alive.

ASTA:
What? In bags, hanging from the rafters?

CONSTANCE:
They're not bags. That smell, it's obvious! They're stomachs.

BOSWYCK:
You are quite correct. They are stomachs cut from two Brandelak, repurposed as wombs for the creatures to rest in.

ASTA:
That's horrible!

CONSTANCE MOVES FORWARD.

CONSTANCE:
Like the Doctor said, it's survival. The best they could do in the circumstances…

ASTA:
Constance. Don't get too close.

CONSTANCE:
You can actually see one of the creatures moving about, through the wall of the stomach. Look, it's turning over and around.

ASTA:
It's my stomach that's turning over and around.

BOSWYCK:
Strange – someone's knocked a hole in the far wall, to connect this chamber to the next.

CONSTANCE:
So… what are you saying?

BOSWYCK:
There may be someone through there. Back into the corridor, hurry!

SUDDENLY – A DALEK GLIDES INTO THE CHAMBER FROM OFF.

DALEK #1:
Halt! Do not move!

CONSTANCE:
Too late. What on Earth is that…?

DALEK #1:
I repeat: do not move!!!

ASTA:
(TERRIFIED) Oh no. Please, no…!

CONSTANCE:
What is it? What's wrong?

ASTA:
These aliens… they're Daleks!

DALEK #1:
You are my prisoners!!!

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

REPRISE:

BOSWYCK:
There may be someone through there. Back into the corridor, hurry!

SUDDENLY — A DALEK GLIDES INTO THE CHAMBER FROM OFF.

DALEK #1:
Halt! Do not move!

CONSTANCE:
Too late. What on Earth is that…?

DALEK #1:
I repeat: do not move!!!

ASTA:
(TERRIFIED) Oh no. Please, no…!

CONSTANCE:
What is it? What's wrong?

ASTA:
These aliens… they're Daleks!

DALEK #1:
You are my prisoners!!!

CONTINUES INTO:

17: INT. DALEKS' CHAMBER [CONTINUOUS]

CONSTANCE:
What in heaven's name is it, this 'Dalek'?

DALEK #1:
Do not move! — Obey! Obey!!!

ASTA:
(ANXIOUS) Constance. Don't move.

CONSTANCE:
You really are terrified, aren't you? Boswyck too.

BOSWYCK:
(SOTTO, CALM) Of course we are.

ASTA:
It's a Dalek! A vicious killing machine! How can you not know what it is?

CONSTANCE:
I thought it was something made by the monks. I've never seen stained glass and leadwork used in such a manner before. It's like a mobile work of art.

ASTA:
The monks must have built it a new casing.

CONSTANCE:
It's rather beautiful. (TO DALEK) May I take a closer look?

DALEK #1:
Stay where you are!!!

BOSWYCK:
Please do as it says, Mrs Clarke. It won't hesitate to kill you. (TO DALEK) Master, if you would allow me to explain…?

A SECOND DALEK ENTERS THE CHAMBER.

CONSTANCE:
Look, there's another one.

DALEK #1:
These humanoids are unauthorised in this sector.

DALEK #2:
Explain…!

BOSWYCK:
These two novices are in my charge, master. New apprentices. I am training them to take care of the sleeping ones. They need to learn how to keep them healthy.

DALEK #1:
Explanation satisfactory. You may proceed.

DALEK #2:
No. Nutrient levels are running below optimum levels. The humanoids must fetch more.

BOSWYCK:
Yes, master. Immediately, master. As you command. — Come along, boys.

HE BUSTLES CONSTANCE AND ASTA OUT OF THE CHAMBER, INTO:

18: INT. CORRIDOR [CONTINUOUS]

DOOR CLOSES BEHIND THEM, SHUTTING OFF THE HEARTBEAT SOUND.

CONSTANCE:
I still don't understand what these 'Daleks' are doing here.

ASTA:
Nor me. We have to find Assessor Pendle. We have to let the Census know!

CONSTANCE:
Never mind that now. What was all that about 'nutrients'?

BOSWYCK:
(GRIM) I shall show you…

19: EXT. BALCONY OVERLOOKING COURTYARD

FROM BELOW: THE SOUND OF MANY MONKS GRUNTING AND HEAVING, MINGLED WITH THE MOOING AND SNORTING OF THE BRANDELAKS, AS THE SHUTTLE IS DRAGGED INTO THE COURTYARD.

MONKS:
(FROM BELOW) Heave! (EFFORT) Heave! (EFFORT) [ETC UNTIL INDICATED]

RASPAK:
(FROM BELOW) Hold those beasts steady! Bring the thing in slowly, we don't want to damage it.

DOCTOR, ROSCO AND PENDLE ARE HIDDEN AND WATCHING. SOTTO VOICES.

ROSCO:
We're too late. Raspak's men are bringing in the machine.

PENDLE:
My shuttle! — Doctor, what are we going to do?

DOCTOR:
For the moment, there's nothing we can do but watch and wait.

PENDLE:
But have they managed to breach the hull?

DOCTOR:
So far as I can see it's still intact.

PENDLE:
Then perhaps we are worrying unduly.

RASPAK:
(FROM BELOW) Cease!

HEAVING STOPS.

RASPAK:
(FROM BELOW) Master blacksmith! Come forward!

PENDLE:
Blacksmith…?

DOCTOR:
Beefy fellow, isn't he?

RASPAK:
(FROM BELOW) Blacksmith — the Abbot asks you to test your tools against the hull of this vessel.

DOCTOR:
What an enormous hammer he's got.

ROSCO:
It's used for shoeing Sleem.

PENDLE:
What are 'Sleem'?

RASPAK:
(FROM BELOW) Everyone stand back, give him room to work!

A SERIES OF COLOSSAL CLANGS AS THE BLACKSMITH SWINGS HIS HAMMER AT THE SHIP.

DOCTOR:
I hope you've got very comprehensive insurance, Mr Pendle, that's going to leave quite a dent…

PENDLE:
My ship! (HE SIGHS) Still, if that's the most sophisticated form of entry they're going to try…

MORE CLANGS AS THE BLACKSMITH STRIKES THE SHIP AGAIN AND AGAIN. SUDDENLY THERE IS AN ELECTRONIC ALARM NOISE.

ROSCO:
Saints preserve us, what is that noise?

DOCTOR:
Oh no… He's managed to trigger the mechanism on a fuel access panel.

PENDLE:
What are we going to do?

DOCTOR:
We must stop them, for their own safety as well as ours!

ROSCO:
If you go down into the courtyard, demon, Raspak will surely kill you.

ALARM GOES UP A PITCH.

DOCTOR:
We've no choice. Rosco, go and tell Boswyck what's happened. Go!

ROSCO RUNS OFF. CROSS TO:

20. EXT. COURTYARD [CONTINUOUS]

RASPAK:
Disregard that sound. Continue, master blacksmith!

MORE CLANGING AS THE BLACKSMITH STRIKES THE SHIP.

DOCTOR:
(RUSHING IN FROM OFF) I really wouldn't do that if I were you…

RASPAK:
Wha… — Seize those two!

SCUFFLE AS DOCTOR AND PENDLE ARE SEIZED BY THE GUARDS.

PENDLE:
This really is becoming most tiresome.

DOCTOR:
(EXASPERATED) We are trying to help you!

RASPAK:
(SCORNFUL) Help? How can you help us?

DOCTOR:
By preventing you from doing something stupid. Hear that alarm? If Brother Schwarzenegger there were to rupture a fuel line, he could reduce this monastery to a smoke hole in the ground.

RASPAK:
You think that because we lead a simple life, that we are stupid? The ship is of no use to us if we damage its propulsion system.

DOCTOR:
Well, then!

RASPAK:
Fetch a smaller hammer, Master Blacksmith.

ALARM STOPS.

PENDLE:
I… I don't understand. You shouldn't have any knowledge of such matters.

DOCTOR:
Oh, I think it's obvious that our alien crash victims have interfered with this culture rather more directly that we had hoped. They have introduced the concept of higher technology.

RASPAK:
They have passed on great knowledge!

PENDLE:
But this is outrageous!

RASPAK:
And we are fast learners. Guards – take these two to the Abbot. He shall decide their fate!

21: INT. DALEKS' CHAMBER

ORGANIC THROB CONTINUES IN THE BACKGROUND.

DALEK #1:
Humanoid slaves have located alien space vehicle and transported it to this location.

DALEK #2:
Have they been able to penetrate the hull?

DALEK #1:
Negative. Primitive tools are proving ineffective.

DALEK #2:
Lack of technology on this planet is hampering Dalek operations. Acquisition of energy weapons must become top priority.

DALEK #1:
Agreed. I will instruct slaves to increase efforts to breach hull.

22: INT. ABBOT'S CHAMBER

FADE UP. DOCTOR AND PENDLE ARE DRAGGED BEFORE THE ABBOT ONCE MORE.

TANAPAL:
The merchants. Our hospitality was not to your liking?

DOCTOR:
When you've seen one cell, your holiness, you've seen 'em all.

TANAPAL:
Where are your companions?

PENDLE:
At this very moment they are making a report to my superiors.

TANAPAL:
How? Your communication devices are inside your ship.

PENDLE:
I…

TANAPAL:
It does not matter. They will be caught. Now you will give me the access codes to open your ship.

PENDLE:
I most certainly will not.

TANAPAL:
Give me the codes! Your technology is all we require.

DOCTOR:
That's what that signal's for, isn't it? It's a lure. Like the sirens of ancient mythology, you've been sending out a signal, hoping to lure some poor unwary traveller onto the rocks.

TANAPAL:
With the restrictions placed upon this world, no-one would answer the call. Only the proper authorities. Only… you.

PENDLE:
How can you know of such things? You're only a primitive people…

DOCTOR:
Oh, I think that the Abbot here is far from primitive – hm?

TANAPAL:
What do you mean by – [that?] (CUT SHORT, GASPS IN PAIN) Aah!

SIMULTANEOUSLY, THE DOCTOR ALSO CLUTCHES AT HIS HEAD. THE SAME 'TWINGE' HE FELT OUTSIDE THE MONASTERY — BUT STRONGER.

DOCTOR:
Ah!

PENDLE:
What's wrong now?

DOCTOR:
Another contact. Another twinge, only stronger than before. — Tanapal, if there's something you want to tell us…?

TANAPAL:
(REGAINS HIS COMPOSURE) There is nothing. (BEAT) I said your technology alone was of use to us. But we require nutrients too.

DOCTOR:
'Nutrients'?

TANAPAL:
The brothers donate much, but they cannot afford to be generous. You can. (CLAPS HANDS) Guards - take them to the chapel!

23: INT. CHAPEL/STAIRS TO BALCONY/BALCONY

DOOR CREAKS OPEN. BOSWYCK LEADS CONSTANCE AND ASTA INTO THE CHAPEL. BIG EMPTY SPACE.

NB: SOTTO VOICES THROUGHOUT.

CONSTANCE:
What is this? A chapel? I hardly think this is the moment for prayers. (THINKS) Then again, if these Daleks are as bad as Assessor Asta claims…

ASTA:
They are.

BOSWYCK:
Up the stairs to the balcony, quickly.

THE THREE OF THEM CLIMB THE STAIRS. AS THEY CLIMB THEY TALK.

CONSTANCE:
(CLIMBING) Why?

BOSWYCK:
(CLIMBING) You wanted to know where the nutrients came from, didn't you?

CONSTANCE:
(CLIMBING) Yes, but…

BOSWYCK:
(CLIMBING) I'm showing you.

THEY REACH THE TOP.

BOSWYCK:
Here we are. Look down into the chapel. What do you see?

ASTA:
Brothers, kneeling down before the altar.

CONSTANCE:
One of them has a chalice. Is it a communion?

BOSWYCK:
An unholy one.

ASTA:
Now that one's bringing out — wait, is that a syringe?

CONSTANCE:
I believe it is.

ASTA:
Why would they need syringes at a… (TRAILS OFF)

(BEAT)

CONSTANCE:
Because they're siphoning their blood *into* the chalice.

ASTA:
That's horrible!

BOSWYCK:
The creatures demand that each member of our order donates a little blood each day, in order to keep these creatures alive.

CONSTANCE:
The Doctor needs to see this.

BELOW: CHAPEL DOORS BANG OPEN AS DOCTOR AND PENDLE ARE DRAGGED IN.

PENDLE:
(BELOW) Unhand us!

DOCTOR:
(BELOW) Raspak, this is totally unnecessary!

ASTA:
I think he's about to.

CROSS TO:

24. INT. CHAPEL [CONTINUOUS]

DOCTOR:
Oh, I see. The ‘nutrient’ the Abbot spoke of. You want our blood!

RASPAK:
The brothers willingly donate what little they can. I expect you and your friend to donate a whole lot more.

DOCTOR:
Don’t be a fool, Raspak. Can’t you see you’re being used?

RASPAK:
No, it is you who will be used. Now kneel and make your offering.

PENDLE:
Do something, Doctor!!!

CROSS BACK TO:

25: INT. BALCONY [CONTINUOUS]

NB: SOTTO VOICES.

CONSTANCE:
We have to do something.

BOSWYCK:
There are too many of them.

ASTA:
We can't just watch them leached!

CROSS BACK TO:

26: INT. CHAPEL [CONTINUOUS]

DOOR BANGS AS HABRILD HURRIES INTO THE CHAPEL.

HABRILD:
Raspak! Raspak!!!

RASPAK:
(IRRITATED) What is it, Habrild?

HABRILD:
We've found something. On the moor. Another of the strangers' caravans. A blue box!

DOCTOR:
(SIGHS) Just when I thought things couldn't get any worse…

HABRILD:
It's being brought into the courtyard now.

RASPAK:
I must inform the Abbot. Take over here. Drain the curly-haired one white while his colleague watches. Perhaps that will make him a little more cooperative.

PENDLE:
But — I can't bear the sight of blood!

DOCTOR:
Poor you, Pendle. It's not *your* blood they'll be draining!

RASPAK:
(AS HE DEPARTS) I will return shortly.

CROSS TO:

27: INT. BALCONY [CONTINUOUS]

ASTA:
There's just three of them with the Doctor and Pendle now.

CONSTANCE:
So this is our chance.

BOSWYCK:
What are you intending?

CONSTANCE:
(RUSHING OFF) Something. Anything!

CROSS TO:

28: INT. CHAPEL [CONTINUOUS]

DOCTOR IS FORCED TO HIS KNEES AT THE ALTAR.

DOCTOR:
Ow! (TO GUARD) Many modern places of worship provide cushions for your knees. I hope you're going to sterilise that needle.

PENDLE:
How can you be so flippant!

DOCTOR:
You can catch all sorts of things off a dirty needle, you know. Lockjaw, tetanus, not to mention staphylococcal infections. — Oh good, they're taking it away.

PENDLE:
Yes, but they're fetching a knife…!

DOCTOR:
Ah.

SUDDENLY, FROM BEHIND:

CONSTANCE:
Excuse me, chaps, I don't suppose any of you could point my friend and I in the direction of the ladies' room?

HABRILD:
(SHOCKED) Women? But… women are not allowed here.

ASTA:
What a medieval attitude.

HABRILD:
Brothers, seize those women! Raspak will want to question them!

BOSWYCK:
(COMING UP BEHIND CONSTANCE AND ASTA) No, novice Habrild. These strangers are in my charge.

HABRILD:
Master Boswyck. You sent me to the kitchens when I was not needed! I think these demons have you under their spell!

CONSTANCE:
We're not demons.

HABRILD:
Demons, women — what's the difference?

DOCTOR:
Perhaps, if I might intervene? Guard — perhaps you could reach inside my colleague Mr Pendle's bag…?

HABRILD:
Wait. Why…?

DOCTOR:
There you'll find a small brown box, with a strap.

GUARD DIGGING IN PENDLE'S BAG.

PENDLE:
Your 'Box Brownie'? But —

DOCTOR:
There, that's it. Go on, novice Habrild. Take it.

HABRILD:
(TAKING IT) Why? What is it?

DOCTOR:
It's a portable demon detector. Look through the viewfinder — the glass eye. Point it at the women, then press the button on the top.

BOX BROWNIE SHUTTER CLICKS.

HABRILD:
Now what?

DOCTOR:
Now, we have to send the film to be developed. It might take a week.

HABRILD:
A week? Then what use is that?

DOCTOR:
What use? Well, it has distracted you long enough to enable Master Boswyck to sneak around your guards —

TWO GUARDS' HEADS KNOCKED TOGETHER. CLONKED. FALL TO FLOOR.

DOCTOR:
… and knock their heads together. Thank you, Master Boswyck.

HABRILD:
Master Boswyck? Then these demons *have* compelled you…!

BOSWYCK:
Habrild, you're an idiot. If you really do believe these women to be demons…

ASTA:
… then why have you turned your back on us?

HABRILD:
(TURNING) Whuh?

ASTA:
(EFFORT – PUNCHES HABRILD ON THE JAW)

HABRILD:
(REACTS – THEN FALLS TO FLOOR, UNCONSCIOUS)

CONSTANCE:
Well done, Asta.

ASTA:
Ow! His jaw was really hard…

PENDLE:
(OUTRAGE) Probationary assessor Asta, I am appalled! "We must make our presence known in a non-aggressive way" – remember?

ASTA:
I was saving your life, sir!

DOCTOR:
Exactly. Thank you, Asta. You too, Mrs Clarke. A few more moments…

CONSTANCE:
Doctor. The aliens. The crash survivors. We've met them.

ASTA:
They're Daleks!

DOCTOR:
(AGHAST) Daleks!!!

CONSTANCE:
Why, have you heard of them before?

PENDLE:
But this is terrible news! Terrible! We shall all be killed.

DOCTOR:
(GRIM) How many of them are there?

CONSTANCE:
We saw two, but there are at least another two being kept alive inside animal carcasses.

DOCTOR:
Our ‘nutrients’ were meant for them, no doubt.

BOSWYCK:
Please. The guards will wake soon. It’s not safe to stay here.

DOCTOR:
I should say not, Master Boswyck.

BOSWYCK:
Follow me, we’ll hide in my chambers.

THEY HURRY OFF AFTER BOSWYCK.

29: EXT. COURTYARD

RASPAK AND TANAPAL ENTER THE COURTYARD.

RASPAK:
See, your holiness? Another vessel found on the moorland. Although how a box such as this may fly, I cannot imagine…

TANAPAL:
But I can. I know this object, Brother Raspak! (BEAT; REALISATION) But that means…

30: INT. BOSWYCK'S QUARTERS

FADE UP. DOCTOR, CONSTANCE, PENDLE AND ASTA HURRY INSIDE.

BOSWYCK:
Hurry, all of you!

BOSWYCK CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND THEM.

BOSWYCK:
The alarm may be raised at any moment. I doubt I can conceal you for long.

DOCTOR:
That's the least of our problems. On a world like this, we're just not equipped to fight Daleks.

ASTA:
If it's any consolation, I don't know that they're equipped to fight us. They didn't seem to have any energy weapons, just spikes where their guns should be.

DOCTOR:
Spikes?!

BOSWYCK:
The brothers have built the creatures new casings, from materials to hand.

DOCTOR:
What 'materials'?

CONSTANCE:
Bent lead and stained glass. I thought them rather beautiful.

DOCTOR:
I need to see these 'beautiful' Daleks.

PENDLE:
They'll kill you on sight!

DOCTOR:
Then I'd better make sure that they don't see me, hadn't I? — Master Boswyck, I don't suppose you could lend me some robes?

31: INT. CHAPEL

DOOR BANGS AS RASPAK AND THE ABBOT HURRY INTO THE CHAPEL.

TANAPAL:
You are sure, Raspak? One of the merchants called the other 'Doctor'?

RASPAK:
Certain, your holiness. Why, is it important?

TANAPAL:
If that is the case, he cannot die yet. Not before we have questioned him—

HE BREAKS OFF, SEEING THE EMPTY ALTAR.

TANAPAL:
Where is he? Where is the Doctor, and his companion?

RASPAK:
I — I do not know. Novice Habrild? What happened here?

HABRILD:
(GROANING) Raspak. There were demons here…

RASPAK:
Demons?

HABRILD:
Worse, two of them were… were *women*. (FAINTS AGAIN)

RASPAK:
Wake up, you fool!

TANAPAL:
Leave him. Raise the alarm, Raspak. The Doctor and his associates must be located!

32: INT. CORRIDOR

FADE UP. BOSWYCK LEADS DOCTOR, CONSTANCE, PENDLE AND ASTA ALONG.

DOCTOR:
Really, I wish you'd all stayed behind in Boswyck's quarters. It'd be far better for me to proceed alone.

CONSTANCE:
Having gone to all the trouble of rescuing you, I'm not letting you out of my sight.

ASTA:
I feel a lot safer, staying together like this.

PENDLE:
Agreed.

4 x MONKS RUSHING NOISILY, IN THE NEXT CORRIDOR.

BOSWYCK:
Quiet!

RASPAK:
(WELL OFF) Search everywhere, brothers! The Abbot commands the strangers must be found!

THE FOOTSTEPS RECEDE.

PENDLE:
You hear that? They're searching the monastery.

CONSTANCE:
Then how are we going to get to the East Range unseen?

BOSWYCK:
There is a secret passageway.

DOCTOR:
That's handy.

BOSWYCK:
There are many secret tunnels in the monastery. A relic of more violent times when our brothers had to hide from soldiers of the state. Here, help me with this tapestry.

MOVING HEAVY TAPESTRY ASIDE THROUGH:

BOSWYCK:
I arranged to have this entrance covered up, after Rosco and Gabber sneaked inside, wanting to see the visitors from the stars for themselves. Gabber came face-to-face with one of the creatures in its naked form. He has not spoken since…

CONSTANCE:
Their naked form?

DOCTOR:
It's not pleasant.

BOSWYCK:
Hold the tapestry firm while I unlock the door.

BEGINS TO UNLOCK DOOR.

DOCTOR:
This passage leads directly to the Dalek workshop?

BOSWYCK:
Indeed. But we must be careful. The Dalek creatures use these passages to travel through the monastery undetected.

DOCTOR:
In which case, I really must insist that I proceed [alone.]

OVER THIS, MORE RUSHING FOOTSTEPS FROM OFF.

PENDLE:
I hear more guards!

ASTA:
They're coming this way!

CONSTANCE:
Everyone, inside the passageway, now!

AS EVERYONE BUNDLES INSIDE THE PASSAGEWAY:

DOCTOR:
But—

CONSTANCE:
No arguing, Doctor. There's nothing else to be done!

TAPESTRY 'FLUMPS' HEAVILY BACK OVER DOORWAY.

33: INT. SECRET PASSAGEWAY

QUICK FADE UP. BOSWYCK LEADS DOCTOR, CONSTANCE, PENDLE AND ASTA ALONG.

BOSWYCK:
Stay close. There are many junctions and dead ends. I got lost in here for days once, when I was a mere novice.

DOCTOR:
You're a man after my own heart, Boswyck. The tunnels beneath the Panopticon on Gallifrey were [my playground, too —]

PENDLE:
Is this really the time for boyhood reminiscences!

CONSTANCE:
[Oh, once he gets going…]

DISTANTLY — 2 x DALEKS IN MOTION ALONG STONE FLOOR.

ASTA:
(HISSED) Will you all be quiet! (HUSHED) I think I hear something at the junction ahead.

BEAT, SO WE CAN HEAR APPROACHING DALEKS.

DOCTOR:
(HUSHED) You're right, coming along one of the other tunnels.

BOSWYCK:
(HUSHED) Quickly, everyone. Back against the wall. Stay silent.

EVERYONE PRESSES THEMSELVES AGAINST THE WALL. THE TWO DALEKS GLIDE DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

DALEK #1:
(APPROACHING) Why have been been ordered to leave the construction work?

DALEK #2:
(APPROACHING) We are instructed to join the Black Dalek.

DALEK #1:
(CLOSEST) Construction of the remaining casings will be delayed. More Dalek units must be made operational.

DALEK #2:
(RECEDING) Orders of the Black Dalek take priority. Proceed!

DALEKS RECEDE DOWN THE CORRIDOR. BEAT.

PENDLE:
(EXHALING) Oh, my heart. I felt certain that they would discover us.

DOCTOR:
Well, I see what you mean about their new casings. Very snazzy.

ASTA:
I wonder where they were off to in such a hurry?

DOCTOR:
(THOUGHTFULLY) Yes, I wonder…

CONSTANCE:
Never mind that. By the sound of it, they've left their workshop unguarded.

BOSWYCK:
Indeed. We should make the most of this happy situation.

THEY HURRY DOWN THE PASSAGEWAY.

34: INT. ABBOT'S CHAMBERS

RASPAK MARCHES IN.

RASPAK:
Your holiness. The brothers are searching every part of the monastery. I promise you, this Doctor will not escape.

TANAPAL:
Raspak. You have allowed him to escape twice already!

RASPAK:
He had help. Not just the women. Master Boswyck, too, I'm told.

TANAPAL:
The herbalist!

RASPAK:
I've long had my doubts about Boswyck…

TANAPAL:
None shall escape. I shall ensure it.

GRINDING OF SECRET PASSAGEWAY BEHIND.

RASPAK:
How, your holiness?

TANAPAL:
I have called for assistance! (CLAPS HANDS) Brother Daleks — enter!

DALEKS x 2:
(EXITING PASSAGEWAY) We proceed…!

TANAPAL:
You understand the situation? The Doctor is here.

DALEK #1:
The Doctor is an enemy of the Daleks.

DALEK #2:
He will seek to sabotage Dalek operations.

DALEK #1:
He must be found, and exterminated.

TANAPAL:
Almost certainly he will try to gain access to his ship… his TARDIS. — That must not be allowed to happen, Raspak.

RASPAK:
(TERRIFIED) I will ensure that it is guarded at all times. I will not fail you, your holiness.

TANAPAL:
Go, Raspak. Obey your orders. Find the Doctor.

2 x DALEKS:
Seek. Locate. Exterminate.

RASPAK:
At once, brother Daleks!

RASPAK LEAVES, THE DOOR SHUTTING BEHIND HIM.

35: INT. DALEKS' CHAMBER

ORGANIC DALEK HEARTBEAT THROBS AWAY IN BACKGROUND AS BOSWYCK LEADS DOCTOR, CONSTANCE, PENDLE AND ASTA IN.

BOSWYCK:
Here, Doctor. Here is where the creatures have made their lair.

DOCTOR:
What a load of old rubbish.

CONSTANCE:
(ADMONISHING) Master Boswyck's trying to help us, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
Eh? (REALISATION) Not figuratively, literally! I meant all this junk-!

KICKS METAL FRAGMENTS. CLATTERING.

DOCTOR:
Scrap retrieved from the crash site, I presume.

CONSTANCE:
Their vessel must have hit the ground at quite a speed, if this was all that could be recovered.

BOSWYCK:
Many of the creatures died.

DOCTOR:
Lucky for you that they did.

PENDLE:
(SNIFFING THE AIR) It stinks…!

DOCTOR:
Something's not right, that's for sure.

PENDLE:
I meant literally, not figuratively. Ugh!

ASTA:
Doctor, look.

ASTA PICKS UP SOME METAL FRAGMENTS.

ASTA:
Were these Dalek casings, do you think?

DOCTOR:
Smashed to pieces. Not easy to smelt, Dalekanium. No wonder they needed new ones made.

CONSTANCE:
(JUST OFF) Like these, for instance-?

DOCTOR:
(GOING OVER) Like those, Mrs Clarke! Only halfway finished, but I can't fault the craftsmanship. Magnificent!

CONSTANCE:
So the Dalek creatures sit inside these casings?

DOCTOR:
Yes.

CONSTANCE:
But how do they control them? Where's the machinery?

DOCTOR:
The Daleks have a certain psychokinetic ability, used in tandem with their technology. (THOUGHTFUL) But in the absence of that technology, they must be entirely reliant on that ability. Their mental powers must be rather more developed than I thought…

ASTA:
(OFF) Doctor, look at this.

DOCTOR:
What's that you've found, Asta? (SEEING IT) Ah! The Daleks' transmitter!

ASTA:
That's what I thought.

PENDLE:
The device that brought us here. Smash it, Asta! Switch it off!

DOCTOR:
No, no, you mustn't!

PENDLE:
But it's dangerous! A siren signal, you said, drawing unwary travellers onto the rocks?

DOCTOR:
Yes yes yes. But if I'm not mistake, they've cannibalised parts of their saucer's black box recorder to build it.

PENDLE:
So?

DOCTOR:
So…

BEEPS AND CLICKS AS THE DOCTOR TINKERS WITH THE CONTROLS.

DOCTOR:
If I can just access the recorder's memory, I should be able to see exactly what brought the Daleks to this sector in the first place…

SOFT 'SCROLLING' SOUND CONTINUES UNDER:

DOCTOR:
Got it! Yes. This was a Dalek assault team. Part of a battle fleet involved in the invasion of the planet Kantra. But their saucer sustained some damage. It was on its way back to Skaro when its main drive unit gave out.

CONSTANCE:
Hence the crash.

DOCTOR:
Hence the crash… Good heavens!

ASTA:
What is it, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
No wonder these Daleks have such highly developed mental abilities. They were an elite squad – part of the Emperor's personal guard, no less. (BEAT) Now *that's* odd. There were a dozen Daleks aboard the saucer when it crashed. Most of them died on impact, but the Black Dalek – the saucer commander – survived, along with four others.

CONSTANCE:
Hang on, we only know of four. The two that are already mobile, and the two destined for these new casings.

DOCTOR:
Exactly. So what's happened to the fifth? What's happened to the Black Dalek?

36: INT. ABBOT'S CHAMBER

DALEK #1:
Whilst the Doctor is at liberty our plans are in danger.

DALEK #2:
Dalek slaves must gain access to humans' ship.

DALEK #1:
Reacquisition of energy weapons must become our first priority.

TANAPAL:
No. Boosting the range of our transmitter must remain the first priority. Raspak and his guards are more than capable of handling the Doctor and his friends, without the use of energy weapons.

DALEK #2:
Their weaponry is primitive and inefficient.

TANAPAL:
Against a superior force, I would agree. But the Doctor is not a superior force. He is a pacifist. A weakness that will prove his undoing!

37: INT. DALEKS' CHAMBER

ORGANIC HEARTBEAT IN BACKGROUND. DOOR OPENS, OFF.

ASTA:
Doctor, the door!

PENDLE:
Guards! Oh, mercy!

SHUFFLING FROM OFF AS 4 x NOVICES APPROACH.

BOSWYCK:
There is no need for alarm. It is the novices whose duty it is to build these casings.

CONSTANCE:
It's like they've not seen us. What's wrong with them?

BOSWYCK:
Their every waking thought is focused upon the task in hand.

DOCTOR:
Conditioned, more like it. Or drugged. Still, perhaps if we just leave them be…

PENDLE:
One of them might yet raise the alarm.

BOSWYCK:
No. Each of those chosen to undertake this secret work has taken a vow of silence.

DOCTOR:
It's not just a vow of silence that keeps them mute, though. Look at their throats.

CONSTANCE:
They look like surgical scars.

ASTA:
Surgery? Why?

BOSWYCK:
The Daleks need casings to move about in… but in order for them to speak…

DOCTOR:
These poor wretches have donated their larynxes, not just their blood.

CONSTANCE:
That's horrible.

DOCTOR:
Isn't it, just. The Abbot, he's the key to all this. If I can persuade him to help us, he can help unite the entire brotherhood against the Daleks.

CONSTANCE:
(INCREDULOUS) But *he* was the one who sent you to have your throat cut, remember!

BOSWYCK:
The Abbot Tanapal I once knew would never have sanctioned such barbarism.

DOCTOR:
Exactly! I believe that the Daleks are influencing the Abbot is some way.

CONSTANCE:
Nonsense. He's just collaborating!

DOCTOR:
No, I don't think so. The last time I was in his presence, I had the sense that he trying to tell me something. That strange pressure in my mind…

PENDLE:
You and your 'mental twinges'!

DOCTOR:
Yes. I'm guessing that the Abbot has been subjected to Dalek conditioning – just like these poor mutes! But if I were to help break that conditioning, our situation might be very different.

ASTA:
Doctor, am I correct in my assessment that you wish to speak to the Abbot alone?

DOCTOR:
You are, yes.

ASTA:
So it would help if Raspak's guards were out of the way?

DOCTOR:
It would.

ASTA:
Then we must create some distraction.

PENDLE:
‘We’, Asta? ‘We’?!

ASTA:
You, me, Mrs Clarke and Master Boswyck – if that’s alright?

CONSTANCE:
I’m game if you are.

BOSWYCK:
I, too, am ‘game’.

ASTA:
Good. We’ll draw the guards away, and meet you back at Master Boswyck’s quarters. Would that be agreeable, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Most agreeable.

PENDLE:
But–

ASTA:
Then we’re all agreed – aren’t we, Assessor?

38: INT. ABBOT'S CHAMBER

FADE UP. TINKLING OF WINDCHIMES AS BEFORE. RASPAK STRIDES IN.

TANAPAL:
Raspak. Has any progress been made with the strangers' ship?

RASPAK:
No, my lord. The blacksmith has managed to remove several panels from the hull, but so far access to the interior of the vessel eludes him.

SUDDENLY: BELL BEGINS CLANGING QUICKLY. WELL OFF.

TANAPAL:
He must try harder! We must gain access to that ship. — Are you listening, Raspak?

RASPAK:
The chapel bell, your holiness! That's no call to prayers! My guards must have caught up with the strangers!

TANAPAL:
Then go after them, Raspak!

RASPAK:
At once, your holiness.

RASPAK HURRIES AWAY. DOOR SLAMS. BEAT. DOOR OPENS AGAIN. DOCTOR ENTERS THE ROOM.

DOCTOR:
There you are, Abbot. A word, if I may…?

TANAPAL:
Doctor. I see now. Your friends have distracted my guards.

DOCTOR:
Is it so very obvious? A crude ploy, but nonetheless effective— (BREAKS OFF) 'Doctor'?

BELL STOPS.

TANAPAL:
You were foolish to return here.

DOCTOR:
I don't think so. You see, every time we've met, I've sensed that there's something you've been trying to tell me. (COMING CLOSER) Well, when I say 'you', I mean the real Abbot Tanapal, not the Daleks' stooge.

TANAPAL:
Keep away!

DOCTOR:
I'm right, aren't I? — The mind of the true Abbot is locked up somewhere in that shaven head, trying to get out. Fortunately, I'm here to help him. (URGENT) Fight it, Tanapal. Fight against the Dalek conditioning!

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
(IE, POSSESSED TANAPAL — HIS VOICE BECOME MUCH MORE DALEK-LIKE, BUT UNMODULATED) You are mistaken, Doctor!

DOCTOR:
Oh, I don't know. By the sounds of it the Dalek pushing the Abbot's buttons is having to fight to retain control. Where are hiding, hm? Behind the drapes? Is that it? Literally, the power behind the Abbot's throne?

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
Keep away from the curtain!

DOCTOR:
This chamber's furnished so simply, you can't be anywhere else.

DOCTOR PHYSICALLY TEARS BACK DRAPES — RIPPING FABRIC.

DOCTOR:
And there you are. The Black Dalek. Now let go of your puppet!

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
We will exterminate you, Doctor!

DOCTOR:
Without energy weapons? I don't think so. So do as I ask, and relinquish control of the Abbot!

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
You misunderstand, Doctor. The Abbot has not been subject to Dalek conditioning.

DOCTOR:
What do you mean?

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
We have achieved communion inside the Abbot's psyche. Our minds are working in symbiosis!

DOCTOR:
(HORRIFIED) No, that's not possible.

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
Soon, we will invade the minds of every being in this galaxy and beyond. The word of the Daleks will be spread across the universe…!

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

REPRISE:

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
We have achieved communion inside the Abbot's psyche. Our minds are working in symbiosis!

DOCTOR:
(HORRIFIED) No, that's not possible.

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
Soon, we will invade the minds of every being in this galaxy and beyond. The word of the Daleks will be spread across the universe…!

CONTINUES INTO:

39: INT. ABBOT'S CHAMBER [CONTINUED]

DOCTOR:
Daleks projecting their consciousness directly into the minds of others?! How?!

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
It is the means by which the Daleks will become all-powerful.

DOCTOR:
How are you able to do this?! I demand to know!

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
(ASIDE) Daleks!!! Enter!!!

GRINDING (AS BEFORE) AS PASSAGEWAY OPENS OFF. 2 x DALEKS EXIT.

DALEK #1:
Do not move!

DALEK #2:
You are our prisoner!

DOCTOR:
(TO TANAPAL) What are they going to do? Prod me to death?

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
Their weaponry is primitive, but nonetheless effective at close quarters.

DOCTOR:
(BACKING AWAY) I'll take that as a 'yes', then…

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
You will be returned to the chapel. Two Dalek survivors require nutrients still.

DOCTOR:
I'd rather not, if it's all the same. Always happy to donate, but it seems you want rather more than an armful.

2 x DALEKS:
Obey!!! Obey!!!

DOCTOR:
Alright, alright! – It looks awfully dark down that secret passage of yours. Perhaps we should take an oil lamp to light the way? (INSINCERE) Oh look, there's one here. How very convenient.

HE LIFTS AN OIL LAMP FROM ITS STAND.

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
Doctor, replace that lantern!

DOCTOR:
My old tutor at the Academy once reminded me that a heavy, easily fusible, soft, malleable base metal such as lead is not the best defence against heat intensive weaponry.

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
(PUZZLED) What… weaponry?

DOCTOR:
This lamp, of course. I daresay it's hot enough to cause some damage to your lovely new casings. Let's find out, shall we? (EFFORT AS HE THROWS LAMP)

CRASH OF GLASS AS LAMP SHATTERS ON THE FLOOR IN FRONT OF THE DALEKS, SENDING BURNING OIL SPLASHING EVERYWHERE.

DALEK #1:
Danger! Danger! Integrity of casing may be compromised!

DALEK #2:
Temperature exceeds primitive engineering tolerances! Retreat! Retreat!

DOCTOR:
Primitive – but nonetheless effective at close quarters.

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
(CALLING) Guards! Assist us!

DOCTOR:
So sorry that I can't stay and help. Things to do… (EXITS BACK INTO THE SECRET PASSAGEWAY)

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
Raspak! You are needed! Assist me! Assist!

CRACKLE OF FLAMES CONTINUES.

40: INT. BOSWYCK'S QUARTERS

PENDLE:
The Doctor's failed, that much is obvious. Now we're no better off than we were before – hiding out in this Boswyck's apothecary!

ASTA:
Senior Assessor. Please shut up.

PENDLE:
What did you say?!

CONSTANCE:
What all three of us were thinking. Master Boswyck – the black flowers on the windowsill: are they what gave your Brotherhood their name?

BOSWYCK:
(CURTLY) Yes, but they're of no interest.

CONSTANCE:
They're beautiful. Like an orchid, but the petals are iridescent, almost metallic. And as for their scent –

BOSWYCK:
(SNAPPING) I said, they're of no interest!

CONSTANCE:
(TAKEN ABACK) I'm sorry.

BOSWYCK:
I… picked them for the purpose of preparing a potion, that's all.

SEVERAL PAIRS OF RUNNING FEET BEHIND DOOR, IN CORRIDOR.

HABRILD:
(RUNNING, IN CORRIDOR) Quickly. Bring water! The Abbot's chamber is ablaze! Hurry, before the flames take hold!

PENDLE:
(ALARMED) A fire! Do you smell smoke…?

CONSTANCE:
(SIGHS) I smell trouble.

ASTA:
The Doctor?

CONSTANCE:
Who else?!

AN URGENT KNOCKING ON THE GLASS OF THE WINDOW.

PENDLE:
Speak of the devil.

DOCTOR:
(THROUGH GLASS) Won't somebody let me in?!

ASTA:
The Doctor? What's he doing outside the window?!

CONSTANCE:
Goodness knows. Shall we do as he asks?

BOSWYCK:
Allow me. —

BOSWYCK OPENS LEAD/GLASS WINDOW (SIMPLE HINGE).

DOCTOR:
Thank you, Master Boswyck. (CLIMBING IN) I must apologise for the most unorthodox entrance. I got lost in the passageways, and the only way out I could find [led me]

WHILE BOSWYCK CLOSES WINDOW:

CONSTANCE:
Never mind all that. Are we to presume that you *didn't* manage to get the Abbot on our side?

DOCTOR:
I didn't, no.

PENDLE:
(SNORTS) Huh!

DOCTOR:
I did, however, learn something of vital importance. Things are far, *far* worse than I realised.

CONSTANCE:
Worse?

DOCTOR:
The Black Dalek has found some way to put its mind inside that of the Abbot. They're sharing some strange symbiosis.

PENDLE:
(SCOFFS) 'Symbiosis'!

DOCTOR:
Please, Mr Pendle. It's not necessary to heckle.

CONSTANCE:
How are they doing this, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
That I didn't discover. But if I don't find out – the consequences could be disastrous. Not just for this planet, but the entire civilised cosmos!

BOSWYCK:
(TENTATIVELY) I… may be able to help answer that question.

DOCTOR:
Really, Master Boswyck?

BOSWYCK:
Not here. The answer, I believe, lies outside these walls.

DOCTOR:
Well – we may never have a better chance to escape the monastery than now, while the guards are distracted.

BOSWYCK:
Come, then, all of you. We must hurry.

ASTA:
We can't just leave! What about the shuttle?

DOCTOR:
Asta's right, if the Daleks gain access to the shuttle's transmitter, they can bring in reinforcements.

CONSTANCE:
Well, then, the answer's simple. If we want to stop the Daleks getting hold of the transmitter, all we have to do is get inside the ship and remove it without their noticing.

PENDLE:
'All'!

ASTA:
Constance is right. It's getting dark, we can sneak in through the emergency hatch and be gone without anyone knowing.

CONSTANCE:
I'm willing to give it a try.

BOSWYCK OPENS DOOR.

BOSWYCK:
Doctor, if we are to leave without being seen then we need to do so now.

DOCTOR:
Well, all right. But promise me you'll be careful, Mrs Clarke.

CONSTANCE:
I wasn't actually waiting for your say-so.

DOCTOR:
No, I don't suppose you were. Come on then, Pendle.

PENDLE:
Can't I stay here?

DOCTOR:
Asta and Constance are going to require stealth and speed if they're to remain undetected, and neither you nor I are built for either. You'll be far better off with me. Now hurry, man!

DOCTOR, PENDLE AND BOSWYCK HURRY OFF.

CONSTANCE:
Right then, Asta. Hoods up. Let's hide amongst the novices.

41. EXT. REAR OF MONASTERY

FADE UP. 2 x SLEEM – IE, CAMEL-LIKE PACK ANIMALS – LED UP BY ROSCO AND GABBER.

ROSCO:
Here's the beasts, Master Boswyck.

ONE OF THEM BRAYS SLIGHTLY.

ROSCO:
Hush there, you.

BOSWYCK:
Thank you, Rosco and Gabber. (PATS RUMP OF A SLEEM) Yes, these Sleem will do nicely.

DOCTOR:
Ah, so these are Sleem!

BOSWYCK:
We use them as beasts of burden, but they can be fleet of foot when the need arises.

PENDLE:
You surely don't expect me to ride one of these things?

BOSWYCK:
We shall need them to carry supplies.

ROSCO:
I asked Allget the Unready for planna bread. I told him it was for the prisoners' last meal.

BOSWYCK:
Very enterprising of you, Rosco.

ROSCO:
I'm not sure he believed me, though, Master Boswyck. He said he'd check with Raspak.

BOSWYCK:
Then I suppose you two boys must come with us.

DOCTOR:
Am I to take it we have a long journey ahead?

BOSWYCK:
We do. Come on.

ALL SET OFF INTO THE NIGHT, WITH SLEEM.

42: EXT. COURTYARD

FADE UP. 2 x BROTHERS HAMMERING HULL OF SHUTTLE, OFF.

CONSTANCE:
(SOTTO) The brothers haven't given up on the shuttle, then.

ASTA:
(SOTTO) Yes, they've managed to get a section of the heat shielding off. That's given them access to the hull below.

CONSTANCE:
(SOTTO) Surely they won't be able to get through that, though? If it's strong enough to withstand travelling through space…

ASTA:
(SOTTO) Space travel is about dealing with extremes of hot and cold, and the occasional micrometeorite. It's not about being attacked with pickaxes and hammers!

CONSTANCE:
(SOTTO) Can you see this 'emergency hatch'?

ASTA:
(SOTTO) Yes. But it's in full view of the main gates. And there are guards. (SIGHS) What was I thinking, trying this?

CONSTANCE:
(SOTTO) It's nearly dark. They're monks – perhaps they'll break for evensong, or vespers, or something.

ASTA:
(SOTTO) Perhaps.

CONSTANCE:
(SOTTO) We're just going to have to wait for our moment.

43: EXT. MOORLAND

FADE UP. DOCTOR, PENDLE AND BOSWYCK FOLLOW ROSCO AND GABBER, GUIDING SOFTLY BRAYING SLEEM.

PENDLE:
(WHEEZING WITH EFFORT) Please, I have to stop.

BOSWYCK:
We should be far enough from the monastery by now. We'll rest here for a while before going on.

PENDLE:
Thank goodness. (HE SLUMPS ONTO THE GROUND)

ROSCO AND GABBER STAY SLEEM.

DOCTOR:
Perhaps now you might tell us exactly where we're going, Master Boswyck.

BOSWYCK:
You wanted to know how the Black Dalek might have managed to imprint its thoughts inside the Abbot's mind? I believe it has something to do with a secret our Brotherhood has guarded for centuries. A secret that lies in the mountains, that until recently was known only to a few of us…

ROSCO:
(APPALLED) Master, surely you wouldn't…

BOSWYCK:
I have no choice, young Rosco.

ROSCO:
(GETTING ANGRIER) But you cannot! You have taken a vow. These people are not holy!

BOSWYCK:
These people are our only hope.

ROSCO:
I thought that you meant only to help these people escape the monastery. But if you take them to the secret place, then you will have abandoned your sacred trust!

BOSWYCK:
Rosco, please…

ROSCO:
No! — Gabber, come on. We're leaving. (BEAT) I mean it. We cannot be part of this. (BEAT) I have listened enough. (BEAT) Well, then — you be damned with them. I'll have no part in this!

HE MOUNTS ONE OF THE SLEEM. IT BRAYS.

BOSWYCK:
Leave if you must, boy. But please, do not take one of our Sleem.

ROSCO:
I shall not take one, Boswyck — no! (TO SLEEM) Ya! Ya!!!

BOTH SLEEM BRAY, THEN GALLOP OFF INTO THE DARKNESS.

BOSWYCK:
Rosco, come back. Rosco!

THERE IS NOTHING.

PENDLE:
Without those creatures, we have no supplies! We'll never make it!

DOCTOR:
That, I believe, was young Rosco's intent.

BOSWYCK:
We may yet prevail by foraging. But it will be hard.

A DISTANT WOLF-LIKE HOWL, JOINED BY ANOTHER, THEN ANOTHER.

PENDLE:
(TERRIFIED) W-what was that?

BOSWYCK:
It sounds like a pack of Vulteen.

PENDLE:
Vulteen? What are Vulteen?

DOCTOR:
I think we'd better get moving again before we find out.

BOSWYCK:
It's another hour to the foot of the mountains.

PENDLE:
An hour!!!

BOSWYCK:
Gabber. Fetch wood. Build a fire. With luck, that will keep the Vulteen at bay…

VULTEEN CONTINUE TO HOWL. CROSS TO:

44: EXT. COURTYARD

SAME VULTEEN HOWLS ECHO FROM THE DISTANT MOORLAND. HAMMERING CONTINUES AS BEFORE, OFF.

NB: SOTTO VOICES THROUGHOUT.

ASTA:
What was that?

CONSTANCE:
Sounded like wolves on the moors. I daresay the Doctor will be alright.

ASTA:
I was more worried about Assessor Pendle.

TOLLING OF CHAPEL BELL, OFF.

ASTA:
The chapel bell!

MONKS DOWN TOOLS AND BEGIN TO EXIT COURTYARD.

CONSTANCE:
I was right. The brothers are leaving. Heading for the chapel.

ASTA:
Then this is our chance! Come on, while their backs are turned.

SCURRYING FOOTSTEPS AS THEY SCRAMBLE FROM THEIR HIDING PLACE AND HEAD FOR THE SHUTTLE. CROSS PERSPECTIVE TO BESIDE THE SHUTTLE. THEY RUN UP.

CONSTANCE:
(SLIGHTLY BREATHLESS) Made it. Still, I'm surprised they've left the shuttle unguarded.

ASTA:
(ALARM) They haven't!

2 x DALEKS ENTER THE COURTYARD, OFF.

CONSTANCE:
Daleks! Quick, get behind the wing!

CROSS TO BESIDE DALEKS, MOVING UP TO SHUTTLE.

DALEK #1:
Human slaves have not yet penetrated the hull.

DALEK #2:
Daleks cannot increase slaves' efficiency by means of sample extermination. We must achieve our objective otherwise.

DALEK #1:
What is your strategy?

DALEK #2:
If Dalek slaves cannot enter the vessel, a Dalek must do so instead.

DALEK #1:
How? Improvised Dalek weaponry is not fit for purpose.

DALEK #2:
There is a way. But we shall require humanoid assistance.

2 x DALEKS GLIDE AWAY.

ASTA:
What was that about?

CONSTANCE:
I'm not sure. But I get the impression that our time might be running out…

ASTA:
The hatchway's just here. Best we get on with it. — Computer, prepare to accept entry code.

HISS AS A PANEL OPENS. 'BIPS' AND 'BLEEPS' AS ASTA ACCESSES THE SECURITY PROGRAMME.

ASTA:
Code, Probationary Assessor Asta. Secondary authorisation: seven, seven, oblique, nine. Confirm.

ANOTHER SERIES OF BLEEPS.

CONSTANCE:
Is that it?

ASTA:
Not yet. — Prepare to accept retina scan.

ANOTHER SERIES OF BLEEPS. SOFT HISS AS HATCH OPENS UP.

ASTA:
That's it! — Inside, quickly!

ASTA AND CONSTANCE HURRY THROUGH THE HATCH, INTO…

45: INT. SHUTTLECRAFT [CONTINUOUS]

ASTA:
Secure hatchway.

BLEEP; HISS AS HATCH CLOSES.

ASTA:
(WITH RELIEF) We're safe…

CONSTANCE:
I can't see a thing.

ASTA:
I daren't activate the internal lights, the Daleks outside will notice. Follow me, we'll feel our way to the cockpit.

AS THEY FUMBLE ON:

CONSTANCE:
Can't we contact your superiors? Get help?

ASTA:
Only from orbit. But if we were to try to launch the shuttle from the confines of this courtyard, the backblast might damage or destroy it.

CONSTANCE:
Safer we just stick to the plan to disable the transmitter.

ASTA:
I think so. (ARRIVING IN COCKPIT) Here we are. — Computer. Allow access to communications console.

BLEEP; HISS AS CONSOLE OPENS.

CONSTANCE:
It looks complicated.

ASTA:
It's just the transmitter circuits we need to disable. — Computer, disconnect power to console circuits.

CONFIRMING BLEEP.

ASTA:
Right. There's the circuit we need to remove. Constance, there should be a tool kit in the locker beside your [head.]

SUDDENLY: A CLAWS-ON-METAL SCRABBLING ALL AROUND THEM. DISTANT INHUMAN SQUEAL (A DALEK MUTANT HAS GOT IN).

CONSTANCE:
Did you heard that?

ASTA:
It came from the engine section. Constance, something's trying to get in through the exhaust!

CONSTANCE:
(SLOWLY) "If Dalek slaves cannot enter the vessel, a Dalek must do so instead."

ASTA:
A Dalek couldn't fit through the exhaust, any more than a human!

CONSTANCE:
No. But one of the creatures inside the Dalek casing might.

MORE SCRABBLING. MORE SQUEALING.

46: EXT. MOORLAND

CRACKLING FIRE.

PENDLE:
I think the fire's scared those Vulteen off.

BOSWYCK:
I hope so.

DOCTOR:
Master Boswyck – since we have a few moments to talk, perhaps you can tell me how the Daleks went from being crash survivors in need of help, to controlling the entire brotherhood?

BOSWYCK:
Most of it I have told you already. We did our best to heal their wounds, and began to construct the casings they told us they needed to survive. The Daleks promised Tanapal they would show him how to broadcast our creed across the heavens, by rebuilding their 'transmitter'. He succumbed first to their temptation, and then to their will.

DOCTOR:
But surely the others must have noticed?

BOSWYCK:
The Abbot is infallible, that is how our Order has always worked.

DOCTOR:
But how did they do it? Take over the Abbot's every thought?

BOSWYCK:
Our order has always enjoyed a special relationship with the world, Doctor, a communion with nature. Take young Gabber. Mute, and yet his brother seems to understand *his* every thought…

DOCTOR:
A common enough trait in twin siblings.

BOSWYCK:
Ah, but it's more than just [that…]

VULTEEN HOWLS. ANOTHER ANSWERS. AND ANOTHER. AND ANOTHER. FROM ALL AROUND.

PENDLE:
Vulteen! They're all around us! I thought they'd gone…!

DOCTOR:
Listen. I don't think they're trying to scare us. I think they're communicating with one other…!

BOSWYCK:
They are not without intelligence.

PENDLE:
Well, what are they saying?

DOCTOR:
At a guess: 'spread out, make a circle, then draw in for the kill'?

BOSWYCK:
We must arm ourselves! Gabber – make torches!

47: INT. SHUTTLECRAFT

MORE SCRABBLING. MORE SQUEALING. LOUDER.

ASTA:
That thing's behind the interior bulkheads now. We've got to get out of here!

CONSTANCE:
The transmitter, Asta. We have to finish the job!

ASTA:
Yes, yes, of course. (EFFORT – TRYING TO PULL OUT WITH CIRCUIT BOARD) It's useless, the circuit's stuck!

CONSTANCE:
(FEELING AROUND) Hold on. I can feel it. – Yes, there's one connection still attached. Where's that screwdriver gone…?

ASTA:
Here! (PASSES SCREWDRIVER)

CONSTANCE:
(EFFORT) I should be able to lever it out…

A CLICK AS THE CIRCUIT COMES FREE.

ASTA:
That's it! It's free! – Right, let's get out of here before…

DALEK MUTANT SQUEALS UP CLOSE.

CONSTANCE:
(SOTTO) Before that thing makes it past the bulkhead, were you about to say?

ASTA:
(SOTTO) Yes…!

CONSTANCE:
(SOTTO) I think it already has. (LOUD) Asta, run!!!

THEY SCRAMBLE DOWN THE LENGTH OF THE SHUTTLE, THE MUTANT SCRABBLING AND SQUEALING BEHIND THEM.

ASTA:
(CALLING OUT) Computer, prepare to accept exit code!!!

CONSTANCE:
We don't have time for all that palaver! What if there's a fire in here, what do you do?!

ASTA:
There's an emergency release switch.

CONSTANCE:
Where?!

ASTA:
Somewhere beside the hatch. To your right!

ANOTHER TERRIFYING SCRABBLING. STOPS.

CONSTANCE:
(FEELING AROUND) I've got it, I think. Like a handle?

ASTA:
No, just a switch.

CONSTANCE:
Then what am I holding…?

SUDDEN EXPLOSION OF SOUND — THE MUTANT ATTACKS CONSTANCE. SQUEALING FRANTICALLY.

ASTA:
Constance!

CONSTANCE:
(FIGHTING MUTANT) Get that hatch open!!! Hurry!!!

ASTA:
(FEELING AROUND) I'm trying!

CONSTANCE:
(TO MUTANT) Stupid thing, you should have known better than to attack a woman with a screwdriver in her free hand…!

STABS MUTANT WITH SCREWDRIVER. IT SQUEALS IN PAIN, SCUTTLES AWAY. HATCH HISSES OPEN.

ASTA:
Got it! Come on, Constance…!

ASTA AND CONSTANCE TUMBLE OUT OF THE HATCH, INTO:

48: EXT. COURTYARD [CONTINUOUS]

RASPAK:
Well, well. The two ‘apprentice boys’.

ASTA:
Oh no.

CONSTANCE:
You!

RASPAK:
Put that tool down. We have you surrounded.

DALEK #1:
Move away from the craft! Surrender the transmitter component!

CONSTANCE:
There’s no way out. Do as the Dalek says, Asta.

PITIFUL SQUEAL OF MUTANT AT HATCH.

RASPAK:
Your brother is wounded, Master.

DALEK #1:
Dalek mutant requires further nutrients. Humanoids will surrender nutrients.

ASTA:
Oh no…!

RASPAK:
Brothers! Take them to the chapel!

49: EXT. MOORLAND

YOWLING, SNARLING VULTEEN SURROUND THE DOCTOR, PENDLE, BOSWYCK AND GABBER. ALL WITH BURNING TORCHES, TRYING TO WAVE THE CREATURES OFF.

PENDLE:
There's so many of them! It's hopeless!

DOCTOR:
Don't give up, Pendle! Use your torch! Drive them back! Like so! (JABS TORCH)

A VULTEEN WHICKERS AS IT RETREATS, BURNED.

DOCTOR:
There, do you see?!

BOSWYCK:
(OFF – CRIES OUT, BITTEN) Aaaah!

PENDLE:
They've got Boswyck!

DOCTOR:
Gabber, help me!!! (RUSHING TO BOSWYCK) Get back, you curs! Hai! Hai!

'WHOOSH' OF TORCHES; SNARLS OF VULTEEN…

50: INT. ABBOT'S CHAMBERS

DALEK #1:
Shuttlecraft has now been accessed. Power has been restored.

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
Excellent. Go now, supervise removal of all necessary components. We must — (GASPS; SUDDEN WINCE OF MENTAL PAIN) — must…

DALEK #1:
Continue instructions. Continue!

BLACK DALEK:
(IE, IN CASING BEHIND THRONE. WEAKENED, SLOW) Symbiotic link with humanoid cult leader has been broken.

DALEK #1:
Why???

BLACK DALEK:
I… do not know. I am… weak. I need… nutrients. Fetch nutrients!

DALEK #1:
I obey.

DALEK MOVES OFF.

TANAPAL:
(TO SELF — FREE OF DALEK INFLUENCE) The balance is disturbed. Then there is a chance!

51: INT. CHAPEL

CONSTANCE AND ASTA ARE DRAGGED THROUGH CHAPEL DOORS.

CONSTANCE:
I'm sorry, Asta. This is all my fault.

ASTA:
Hardly!

CONSTANCE:
Travelling with the Doctor has begun to make me feel invincible. I suggested retrieving that transmitter without proper consideration of the danger. I wish I'd not been quite so blasé.

ASTA:
One can't coolly assess everything, Constance. I've learned that much today.

RASPAK:
Quiet! Kneel before the altar. — Kneel! (ASIDE) Habrild: the needle…!

HABRILD:
Yes, Raspak.

RASPAK:
Now the chalice. The Daleks require… (VOICE STARTS TO TAIL OFF AND SLUR) … require that these… these two women…

HABRILD:
(SLURRING) Raspak? What's… wrong?

RASPAK:
I… I don't… know…

ASTA:
What's happening?

CONSTANCE:
I don't know! It's like they all just… fainted!

ASTA:
Why? Some kind of gas?

CONSTANCE:
If that were the case, then we'd be affected.

ASTA:
Whatever it is, let's get out of here while we can!

52: EXT. MOORLAND

DISTANT RETREATING HOWLS OF VULTEEN.

PENDLE:
Thank goodness. The Vulteen are retreating. We've driven them off!

DOCTOR:
It's nearly sun-up. Doubtless these Vulteen are nocturnal – is that right, Boswyck?

BOSWYCK:
(WEAK) Yes… Doctor. They'll have gone in search of easier meat, I… (REELS, SLOWS) … I suppose…

DOCTOR:
Boswyck? Boswyck, are you alright?

PENDLE:
That bite they gave him. Perhaps it was poisonous?

DOCTOR:
How should I know?

PENDLE:
Well, you are a Doctor!

DOCTOR:
Not of medicine. So far as I can tell his wounds are superficial, but…

BOSWYCK:
(GROANING WITH EFFORT) Not… poison. I am… unconnected to this world. And so… I am weakened.

DOCTOR:
Weakened? I don't understand.

BOSWYCK:
I must show you. Before it's too late.

PENDLE:
Surely we can't go on with him in this state?

DOCTOR:
I don't see that we've got any choice. – Come on, Gabber, help me get him to his feet.

BOSWYCK:
(HELPED TO FEET) We must follow a secret trail through the mountains. Gabber, my boy, it’s all up to you now. Lead us there.

ALL SET OFF. FADE.

53: INT. BOSWYCK'S APOTHECARY

DOOR OPENED FROM OUTSIDE. CONSTANCE AND ASTA RUSH IN.

ASTA:
What are we doing back in Boswyck's apothecary?

CONSTANCE:
Boswyck had keys to the secret passageways, and we need more places to run to. You search his desk, I'll search the cabinets.

ASTA:
All right.

AS CONSTANCE OPENS CABINETS, ASTA TRIES DRAWERS ON HIS DESK.

ASTA:
Drawers are locked.

CONSTANCE:
(SEARCHING) Well, try and prise them open.

ASTA:
He'd have needed his keys to lock them, wouldn't he?

ASTA UNFURLS PARCHMENT ON DESK.

ASTA:
Constance, come here.

CONSTANCE:
(SEARCHING) I'm busy.

ASTA:
There's an illustrated manuscript here. It seems to be — I don't know, a recipe perhaps? Something to do with that black flower Boswyck was so protective of.

CONSTANCE:
(COMING OVER) Really?

ASTA:
The 'dream flower', it says. 'By which means the mind and the world may be linked, in symbiosis…'

CONSTANCE:
Symbiosis…?

54: INT. VALLEY

GABBER, DOCTOR, BOSWYCK AND PENDLE REACH THE TOP OF A RISE.

PENDLE:
Why's the boy stopped?

BOSWYCK:
Our destination is just over this rise.

DOCTOR:
One last heave, Mr Pendle.

PENDLE:
(EFFORT; BEAT) Is this it? — There's nothing here. It's just a valley full of flowers!

DOCTOR:
Black flowers. There was one of these plants in your apothecary, Boswyck…!

BOSWYCK:
The answers that you seek are to be found in this valley, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
(REALISATION) And I recognise them now. Ostrecallis Mediosai!

PENDLE:
I beg your pardon?

DOCTOR:
The Dream Flower, native to the planet Ostrecallis Major. I thought it went extinct when the entire Ostrecallis system was consumed by a meganova!

PENDLE:
'Meganova' …?

DOCTOR:
Don't worry about it. — And yet somehow, these remarkable flowers have survived. Their seeds drifting though space, driven by solar winds, perhaps?

BOSWYCK:
The flowers grow nowhere else, Doctor. They are unique to this valley. From their petals, we brothers long since learned to synthesise a liquid extract — 'by which means the mind and the world may be linked, in symbiosis…'

PENDLE:
'Symbiosis'!

DOCTOR:
You *consume* the extract of the dream flower?

BOSWYCK:
So we may be as one with nature, and nature as one with us.

DOCTOR:
That's one way of putting it. Extract of the Dream Flower was notorious for its hallucinogenic effects. And you say you take it?

BOSWYCK:
All the time. Have you never heard the grass grow, Doctor? Or a the ringing of the atoms inside a raindrop as it strikes the ground?

DOCTOR:
No I have not. And I can't say I care to.

BOSWYCK:
Before the Daleks came, we lived in perfect harmony with nature. But now that balance has been altered.

DOCTOR:
Altered how?

BOSWYCK:
The Daleks used our lifeblood to grow stronger. But by absorbing our blood, their consciousness became part of the collective mind.

DOCTOR:
Overpowered it, more like.

BOSWYCK:
The Abbot himself was overwhelmed. Many of my brothers became cruel, and blindly obedient. When I realised what was happening, I withheld the extract from myself. Made myself an outcast from our collective mind. That is why I am weakened now.

PENDLE:
But you could have told us all this at the monastery!

BOSWYCK:
I did not bring you here for a guided tour. I brought you here to help me destroy the flowers.

PENDLE:
Destroy them?! Why?

DOCTOR:
Oh, I doubt that analysis of that chemical is beyond the Daleks. They'll soon realise its potential. Take the secret back to Skaro, and they could manufacture it by the gallon!

PENDLE:
What?

DOCTOR:
Mix it into clouds, and the Dalek mind might literally rain down on a target planet. Whole planetary populations could fall under Dalek influence, just by turning on a tap.

BOSWYCK:
That is what I feared. So long as our way of life was a secret, we were safe. [But if the Daleks should be rescued by their own kind…]

OVER THIS: THE SOUND OF A SHUTTLE APPROACHING.

PENDLE:
Err… Doctor… Master Boswyck? — Look, in the sky.

DOCTOR:
Mm? — Oh! (BRIGHTLY — HE THINKS IT MIGHT BE CONSTANCE) Ohh…!

PENDLE:
That's my shuttle!

UNDER-SHUTTLE RETROS FIRE.

DOCTOR:
(OVER NOISE) Get back, everyone! It's coming in to land…!

BOSWYCK:
(OVER NOISE) You don't seem very troubled, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
(OVER NOISE) I'll give you good odds that Asta and Mrs Clarke found a way to fly the shuttle out!

PENDLE:
(OVER NOISE) You think?

DOCTOR:
(OVER NOISE) I've learned to rely on Mrs Clarke! One of my most constant companions, Constance!

SHUTTLE HAS LANDED. AS HATCH HISSES OPEN (AS EARLIER):

PENDLE:
But in that case… how did they know to find us here?

DALEK #1:
(FROM HATCH) Doctor! You will surrender to the Daleks!

DOCTOR:
(CALLING) Why should I?

PLASMA BLAST STRIKES NEARBY.

DALEK #1:
(FROM HATCH) Daleks have acquired plasma weaponry from the human vessel. We have regained our capacity to exterminate!

PENDLE:
Oh no!!!

DOCTOR:
(CALLING) But I don't understand – how did you find this place?

PENDLE:
I think they were helped. – Beside the Dalek. Look!

ROSCO:
(FROM HATCH) Master Boswyck. You must surrender!

BOSWYCK:
(SHOCKED) Rosco. How could you betray us?

DOCTOR:
Oh, I doubt he had any choice in the matter. With every passing hour the Daleks' malign influence gets stronger. The more of the extract they ingest, directly or indirectly, the greater their powers become.

DALEK #1:
(FROM HATCH) The plants here will be harvested. Their extract will be synthesised.

DOCTOR:
(GRIM) Once this planet was a Garden of Eden. Soon it'll be nothing more than a Dalek chemical factory.

DALEK #1:
(FROM HATCH) Soon, the Order of the Daleks will reign supreme!

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

REPRISE:

DALEK #1:
(FROM HATCH) The plants here will be harvested. Their extract will be synthesised.

DOCTOR:
(GRIM) Once this planet was a Garden of Eden. Soon it'll be nothing more than a Dalek chemical factory.

DALEK #1:
(FROM HATCH) Soon, the Order of the Daleks will reign supreme!

CONTINUES INTO:

55: EXT. VALLEY [CONTINUOUS]

BOSWYCK:
You do not belong here, Dalek! We nurtured you, and in return you polluted our minds!

DALEK #1:
(FROM HATCH) You are Boswyck. You are an outsider. You do not belong in the Order of the Daleks…!

GABBER:
(REALISING WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN – SHOVES BOSWYCK ASIDE) No! Master Boswyck is a good man!

BOSWYCK:
(SHOVED ASIDE) Gabber? Get back! What are you doing, boy?

DALEK #1:
(FROM HATCH) Exterminate!!!

PLASMA BLAST – STRIKES GABBER.

GABBER:
(SCREAMS, DIES)

BODY FALLS TO GROUND. CROSS TO HATCH – IE, BESIDE DALEK/ROSCO.

ROSCO:
Gabber…? (TO DALEK) You killed him! You killed Gabber!!!

DALEK #1:
Wrong target exterminated. Recharging plasma weapon.

PLASMA RECHARGING SOUND. CROSS BACK TO:

PENDLE:
Doctor, we're sitting ducks here!

DOCTOR:
Plasma weaponry requires time to recharge between blasts. (CALLING) Rosco — now's your chance. Disengage and deactivate that weapon!

ROSCO:
(FROM HATCH — UNFAMILIAR EXPRESSION) Dis…?

PENDLE:
He doesn't know what you mean.

DOCTOR:
Rip it out of its socket!

CROSS BACK TO DALEK/ROSCO.

ROSCO:
That I understand! (GRAPPLES WITH DALEK)

DALEK #1:
(GRAPPLED BY GABBER) Brother Rosco, do not lay hands on me…!

ROSCO:
(EFFORT) You are not my brother! Gabber was my brother! (YANKS WEAPON)

WEAPON PULLED FROM SOCKET.

PENDLE:
(OFF) He's got it!

DALEK #1:
You will replace my weapon!

ROSCO:
You killed Gabber! So I shall kill you…!

DOCTOR:
(OFF) Rosco — no! Not so close!

PLASMA BLAST — UP CLOSE. DALEK EXPLODES.

DALEK #1:
(SCREECHES, DIES)

BOSWYCK, DOCTOR AND PENDLE RUSH UP TO SHUTTLE.

BOSWYCK:
(ARRIVING BESIDE SHUTTLE) Rosco? (APPALLED) Novice Rosco…!

PENDLE:
Stupid boy, he's burned himself!

DOCTOR:
What was it I said about heckling, Pendle?! (CHECKING ROSCO OVER) He's alive, at least. Rosco, can you hear me? Rosco?

BOSWYCK:
(STERN) Novice Rosco – wake up, boy! Wake up, or I'll have you mucking out the Sleem stable for a fortnight!!!

ROSCO:
(SHUDDERING BREATH) Master Boswyck…?

DOCTOR:
Thank goodness.

ROSCO:
We showed that Dalek, didn't we, Master? Gabber and me.

BOSWYCK:
The debt I owe your brave brother can never be repaid, Rosco.

DOCTOR:
Yes it can, but only if we hurry. The Daleks have the components they need to repair the transmitter now, that much is plain. So it's only a matter of time before they make contact with Skaro, and summon a whole invasion fleet to Strellin.

BOSWYCK:
Then the three of you must return to the monastery with all speed.

DOCTOR:
No, we can't leave you here. That bite needs looking at, for one thing.

BOSWYCK:
I'm a herbalist, I can attend to my own injury. No, you must go without me. I am weak without the strength of my brothers – but too weak to resist the Daleks' influence, I fear.

ROSCO:
But –

BOSWYCK:
No, Rosco. I shall be safe here. Once the Daleks are destroyed, then you can return for me.

DOCTOR:
(IMPATIENT) Very well. Into the shuttle, you two.

PENDLE:
Surely you don't presume to fly my shuttle…?!

DOCTOR:
Only to within a safe distance of the monastery. We'll scuttle the shuttle in the moorland, and make the rest of the way on foot.

PENDLE:
(OUTRAGED) Scuttle my shuttle!

DOCTOR:
Yes — that's rather good, isn't it? — Just get in, Pendle!

BOSWYCK:
Doctor — take this phial with you. I have been carrying it around my neck, but I have not dared take it.

HE REMOVES THE PHIAL OF LIQUID FROM AROUND HIS NECK

DOCTOR:
Dream flower extract, I presume?

BOSWYCK:
It may help you to exert a little influence of your own…

56: INT. SECRET PASSAGEWAY

FADE UP. CONSTANCE AND ASTA MAKE THEIR WAY ALONG THE PASSAGEWAY.

ASTA:
I hope you know where you're going, Constance.

CONSTANCE:
I'm trusting to my sense of direction, I admit. But I'm sure this passage will lead us to the Abbot's room.

ASTA:
And you really think this plant extract we've brewed up will help restore the Abbot's real personality?

CONSTANCE:
The Doctor wanted to break the Daleks' hold over the Abbot. But Boswyck's parchments seem to suggest that these Dream Flowers maintain some kind of psychic balance here.

ASTA:
(SCEPTICAL) So all the Abbot needs is a taste of this stuff, and his true personality will be restored?

CONSTANCE:
You're sceptical.

ASTA:
Is it obvious?

CONSTANCE:
Remember the Doctor's mental twinges. What if the presence he sensed was the true Abbot, trying to make contact? If so – he might be the only person in the monastery who can help us.

ASTA:
And if we're completely wrong about all this?

CONSTANCE:
Then this is a very, very stupid idea. But you heard the shuttle take flight, just as I did. The situation's desperate enough to justify an educated guess.

ASTA:
Admit it, we're flailing around in the dark.

CONSTANCE:
Not for much longer. I think this is the door to the Abbot's room…!

CROSS TO:

57: INT. ABBOT'S CHAMBER [CONTINUOUS]

DOOR FROM SECRET PASSAGEWAY GRINDS OPEN (AS BEFORE). CONSTANCE AND ASTA CREEP IN.

ASTA:
(WHISPERING) Dark in here.

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
(ASIDE) There is a reason for that.

CONSTANCE & ASTA:
(STARTLED) Ahh!

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
We have learned that oil lamps are hazardous.

CONSTANCE:
We came to speak to the Abbot. To Abbot Tanapal. Is he in there, at all?

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
The Abbot… resists us still. My concentration wavers only when I have had insufficient nutrient. But now I am well-fed. It is futile!!!

CONSTANCE:
Asta, uncork the phial.

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
Phial? The plant extract will not assist the Abbot. (EFFORT) The Abbot is mine to control.

ASTA:
Let's find out, shall we?

UNPLUGS PHIAL.

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
Guards! Guards…!

CONSTANCE:
(GRABBING ABBOT) Resistance is futile.

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
Release me…!

CONSTANCE:
I'll hold your nose if I have to. Asta, make him drink. (BEAT) Asta…?

ASTA:
(SNIFFS) I feel… strange.

CONSTANCE:
Do it, Asta!!!

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
No. Inhale the perfume of the Dream Flowers.

ASTA:
The perfume. Yes.

CONSTANCE:
Oh no…

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
She has ingested the chemical extract. She is part of the collective mind. She is subject to the will of the Daleks!

ASTA:
Your… will.

CONSTANCE:
Asta, throw that phial away!

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
You know what to do, Asta.

ASTA:
You must inhale it too. You must join us.

CONSTANCE:
I will not!

ASTA:
You will obey!!! (GRABS CONSTANCE)

CONSTANCE:
Asta, what are you doing…? Let go, you're hurting me!

ASTA:
(WRESTLING) Inhale the scent! Consume the extract! Obey!!!

CONSTANCE:
(STRUGGLING) The Black Dalek's trying to control your mind. Remember who you are, Asta! Remember what you came here to protect!

ASTA:
Obey!!!

CONSTANCE:
You are Probationary Assessor Jane Asta. You are here to protect a grade three civilisation! Remember that? Remember the rules about grade three civilisations?

ASTA:
Grade… three?

CONSTANCE:
What are the rules, Asta?

ASTA:
(HALTINGLY, BUT PICKING UP SPEED) "A grade three planet has no significant technology, no knowledge of other worlds… and as such, has a protected status."

CONSTANCE:
What about the rest of it, Asta. "Landings by offworlders"?

ASTA:
"Landings by offworlders are strictly prohibited."

CONSTANCE:
That's what the Daleks are. Strictly prohibited! Now give me that…! (GRABS PHIAL)

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
Return the phial!

CONSTANCE:
(THROWS IT – EFFORT) No chance!

GLASS PHIAL SMASHES IN A FAR CORNER, OFF.

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
Resistance is futile. Kill this woman, Assessor Asta. It is your duty! Obey me! Obey!!!

ASTA:
My duty? (HERSELF AGAIN) My duty is to the Galactic Census! To protect this planet!

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
When my guards arrive, they shall destroy you both!

ASTA:
It's hopeless, Constance.

CONSTANCE:
I agree. Come on, let's get out of here…

AS THEY RUN BACK INTO THE PASSAGEWAY:

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
Run, then! Run! There is nowhere you can hide from the power of the Daleks!

58: EXT. MONASTERY

DOCTOR, PENDLE AND ROSCO RUN TO STOP BY WALL. ALL SLIGHTLY BREATHLESS, SLIGHTLY HUSHED.

DOCTOR:
Well, that's handy. The shuttle retros must have blown this hole in the perimeter wall.

PENDLE:
Madness!

DOCTOR:
Still, it's given us another route into the monastery beside the main gate. — Right, young Rosco. You're the expert here. Where's the nearest entrance to the passageways?

PENDLE:
Oh no. Not those beastly passages again.

ROSCO:
Gabber knew all the entrances. He was always the brave one. He said that I was too timid…

DOCTOR:
(GENTLY) If you'd rather wait here…

ROSCO:
(DETERMINED) No, I will show you. I've been timid too long, Doctor. I want an end to this. I want our monastery to return to how it once was.

DOCTOR:
Good lad.

ROSCO:
There's a doorway near the kitchens that even Raspak doesn't know about. Gabber found it years ago. This way.

THEY HURRY OFF.

59: INT. SECRET PASSAGEWAYS

FADE UP. CONSTANCE AND ASTA SCURRY TO STOP.

ASTA:
How's your sense of direction now?

CONSTANCE:
Faltering. Left, right, or straight ahead?

ASTA:
Let's just keep moving, [before the Abbot's guards catch up wit us.]

OVER THIS: THREE SETS OF SCURRYING FOOTSTEPS COME TO STOP IN AN ADJOINING PASSAGE, JUST OFF.

CONSTANCE:
Ssh! I heard footsteps.

ASTA:
Where-?

CONSTANCE:
Just around the corner. Back the way we came. [Quick!]

DOCTOR:
(AROUND CORNER – CLEARS THROAT) Mrs Clarke, is that you?

CONSTANCE:
Doctor. (TURNS CORNER) What are you doing here?

DOCTOR:
Looking for the way to the Abbot's chambers. I'm glad to see you're safe.

CONSTANCE:
Likewise. Doctor, we took the transmitter from the shuttle.

ASTA:
But then the Daleks took it from us, I'm afraid.

PENDLE:
Yes, we know. You should have destroyed it, Asta!

ASTA:
A Dalek mutant came after us! We nearly died!

DOCTOR:
Time enough for recriminations later.

ROSCO:
The Abbot's chambers are this way, Doctor.

ASTA:
Yes, that's where we've come from!

DOCTOR:
Oh, really?

CONSTANCE:
It's a long story. We hoped to use an extract of the essence of the Dream Flower to restore the Abbot's control.

DOCTOR:
Ah. That was my plan too!

PENDLE:
Asta? Am I to take it you know all about these 'dream flowers'?

ASTA:
We read Boswyck's scrolls.

PENDLE:
Then I could have stayed here, rather than endure that ghastly trial on the moorland…!

DOCTOR:
Never mind that now. — Mrs Clarke, am I to take it you failed in your mission?

CONSTANCE:
We couldn't get close enough. But I'm sure the Abbot would help us, if he could only break free of the Black Dalek's dominance.

DOCTOR:
Indeed. Rosco — change of plan. Can you show my friends the way to the Daleks' workshop?

ROSCO:
Yes, but —

DOCTOR:
Hopefully, the Black Dalek will soon summon his cohorts to the Abbot's side. That should give you the opportunity to disable that transmitter.

CONSTANCE:
You're going to the Abbot's chamber alone?

DOCTOR:
It was a good plan. It's worth another try.

CONSTANCE:
But how on Earth do you think that you can… (BEAT) You've got your own dose of the plant extract, haven't you? You're going to join your mind to his!

DOCTOR:
Exactly. No time to lose. On your way, you lot.

CONSTANCE:
Good luck, Doctor.

THEY ALL RECEDE DOWN THE CORRIDOR. DOCTOR TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND UNSTOPPERS THE VIAL.

DOCTOR:
Ah well. Down the hatch!

HE SWALLOWS THE LIQUID.

60: INT. ABBOT'S CHAMBER

MAIN DOORS OPENED. DALEK #2 GLIDES IN.

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
Squad leader. Report!

DALEK #2:
All contact with Dalek scout in the human shuttle has ceased.

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
Why?

DALEK #2:
Unknown.

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
Logical presumption: Dalek scout has been destroyed. Begin insertion of Dalek survivors into new casings. We must maintain control until reinforcements arrive!

DALEK #2:
I obey.

DALEK EXITS. AS IT DOES, DOOR TO PASSAGE GRINDS OPEN SOFTLY.

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
(TO HIMSELF) The Doctor is responsible for this!

DOCTOR:
(EMERGING) I'm flattered you think so highly of me, Black Dalek.

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
Doctor…!

DOCTOR:
Very highly indeed, to judge by the images in the Abbot's mind.

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
You have joined the collective mental pool. You have taken the extract of the Dream Flowers!

DOCTOR:
Yes, thanks to Master Boswyck.

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
Boswyck! He has betrayed his sacred vow.

DOCTOR:
And what about *your* sacred vow, Abbot Tanapal? I know you're in there, listening. What about your duty to the novices in your charge – mutilated, their larynxes extracted at the Black Dalek's behest!

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
Dalek orders are sacrosanct. Daleks are the supreme beings.

DOCTOR:
Supreme beings? Well, let me tell you - one of those "supreme beings" just recently murdered another of your novices.

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
Murdered?

DOCTOR:
His name was Gabber, "your holiness". A young devotee of yours, traumatised by the horrors he witnessed within these walls. Do you remember him? Do you remember Novice Gabber?

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
(DALEK CONTROL FALTERING) I… remember…

DOCTOR:
And do you remember Rosco? Gabber's twin, Rosco? Who has to live with the knowledge that he colluded with his brothers' killers?

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
Rosco…?

DOCTOR:
Remember Gabber. Remember Rosco. But most of all: remember yourself, Abbot Tanapal. Remember the holy man you were, before the Daleks came. And be that man again!!!

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
There is… resistance, in my mind. Resistance!!!

DOCTOR:
That's *your* resistance, Tanapal! Feel my mind in the collective consciousness! Join with me in fighting these monsters! Resist!!!

TANAPAL:
(MORE HUMAN INTONATION) Help me…

DOCTOR:
I'm here to help you. Resist!

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
(DALEKY AGAIN) Help me! — Raspak. Hear my summons! Help me!!!

61: INT. DALEKS' CHAMBER

FADE UP. ORGANIC DALEK HEATBEAT. TRANSMITTER PULSES SOFTLY IN B/G. 2 x MONKS HAMMERING AWAY AT A DALEK CASING. 2 x OTHERS SOLDERING. ROSCO, CONSTANCE, ASTA AND PENDLE SNEAK STEALTHILY TO STOP.

NB: SOTTO VOICES THROUGHOUT.

ROSCO:
Hush, we don't want to disturb the brothers.

CONSTANCE:
We might have to. It looks like those new casings are nearly finished.

ASTA:
Yes, and they've got plasma weapons now!

PENDLE:
A monstrous abuse of our technology!

ASTA:
Go and tell them off, then!

CONSTANCE:
There's the transmitter. They've done work on that, too.

ASTA:
Well, we'd better do what we can to disable it [before—]

DOOR BARGED OPEN BEHIND AS DALEK #2 ENTERS THE ROOM.

ROSCO:
Dalek's coming!

CONSTANCE:
Back under cover, all of you!

DALEK GLIDES UP TO SLAVES.

DALEK #2:
Brothers! Prepare to place Dalek survivors into new casings. Your Abbot demands it!

STILL INSIDE ANIMAL STOMACHS, 2 x DALEK MUTANTS SQUEAL AND WRITHE EXCITEDLY FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CHAMBER.

PENDLE:
Oh my goodness, what was that?

ROSCO:
The sleeping ones.

CONSTANCE:
(THOUGHTFULLY) The creatures being kept alive in those animal stomachs…

ASTA:
It's like they heard their new casings are nearly ready.

DALEK GLIDES OVER TO TRANSMITTER.

PENDLE:
Now that Dalek's gone over to the transmitter!

CONSTANCE:
We'll just have to distract it.

ASTA:
How?

CONSTANCE:
The Dalek mutants. Look at all those tubes feeding them nutrients. They must lead to a reservoir of some kind.

PENDLE:
So…?

CONSTANCE:
So, there has to be a tap or valve to shut off the flow.

ROSCO:
I know where the pipes lead.

CONSTANCE:
Good. Pendle, go with Rosco. Help him switch off the valve.

PENDLE:
Me?

CONSTANCE:
Yes, you! If you can disrupt their life support, the Dalek will have to investigate. That should give Asta and me a chance to disable the transmitter.

PENDLE:
But—

ASTA:
It's not a matter for debate, Assessor! Constance and I will be far more exposed, out in the open!

PENDLE:
(DEEP BREATH) Oh, very well.

ROSCO:
Follow me.

PENDLE AND ROSCO SCURRY AWAY. AS THEY DO SO THERE IS A WHINE OF POWER FROM THE TRANMITTER.

DALEK #2:
Sub-space carrier established. Opening channel to main Dalek fleet.

ASTA:
They'd better hurry, I think that Dalek's about to transmit!

62: INT. ABBOT'S CHAMBER

TANAPAL IS SLOWLY WINNING HIS FIGHT FOR MENTAL DOMINANCE.

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
(EFFORT) Raspak! To me! I need you.

DOCTOR:
Hear that, Tanapal? The Black Dalek's rattled. He knows he's losing his grip. You're winning!

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
(EFFORT) Doctor. When Raspak arrives with his guards, I shall have them eviscerate you!

DOCTOR:
'Eviscerate'? That's a new one. But whatever you call it, it's still murder!

TANAPAL:
(HUMAN PART) Yes, murder…!

DOCTOR:
Murder committed by men of peace!

TANAPAL:
(HUMAN) Doctor, the Dalek, I can feel its hold weakening…

DOCTOR:
Fight it, Tanapal! Exorcise the Black Dalek from your mind!

MAIN DOORS BURST OPEN. RASPAK PLUS 2 x GUARDS RUSH IN.

RASPAK:
My Lord Abbot!

TANAPAL:/BLACK DALEK:
(EFFORT) Raspak! The Doctor is trying to poison my mind. He is trying to kill me!

RASPAK:
Then we shall slay him! With me, brothers…!

DOCTOR:
No, Raspak, no!

63: INT. DALEKS' CHAMBER

ORGANIC HEARTBEAT IS STRONGER NOW AS ROSCO AND PENDLE SCURRY TO HALT BESIDE THE 2 x WRIGGLING MUTANTS IN THEIR ANIMAL SACS.

NB: SOTTO VOICES UNTIL INDICATED.

PENDLE:
Oh, the smell is just vile…!

ROSCO:
Here is where the blood that feeds the creatures passes through into the Brandelak stomachs.

PENDLE:
But — I see no valve, nor taps. Oh, I knew this wouldn't work!

CHATTERING SIGNAL FROM TRANSMITTER ON OTHER SIDE OF CHAMBER.

DALEK #2:
(OFF) Hailing main Dalek fleet. Black Dalek orders recovery saucer to planet Strellin. Repeat, Black Dalek orders recovery saucer to planet Strellin! Location data follows.

LONG STREAM OF CHITTERING DATA. OVER THIS.

ROSCO:
We must lure the Dalek creature away from Constance and Asta.

PENDLE:
I know, I know! Perhaps if we just pull the tubes out from these horrid sacs —

HE TUGS ON THE TUBE LEADING INTO THE LIFE SUPPORT SACS.

PENDLE:
Oh the feel of these tubes is quite ghastly. I shall be ill. I know it.

ROSCO:
Hurry!!!

PENDLE PULLS A TUBE FREE. FLUID SPLASHES DOWN.

PENDLE:
There. That's one of them [free.]

SUDDENLY: MUTANT IN SAC BEGINS TO SHRIEK. JOINED BY ANOTHER!

PENDLE:
(PAINED) Ahh! It's deafening!!!

DALEK #2:
(OFF) Alert! Alert! Dalek life support system is failing. Dalek survivors must be protected. (MOVING OFF) Human slaves will assist. Hurry! Hurry!

SLAVES DOWN TOOLS AND RUSH OVER TOWARDS…

ROSCO:
They're coming this way. Quickly, Pendle! Hide!

CROSS TO BESIDE TRANSMITTER.

CONSTANCE:
Now's our chance! Come on, Asta!

THEY SCRAMBLE OVER TO THE TRANSMITTER.

CONSTANCE:
I'll deal with the transmitter, you disable the Dalek casings.

ASTA:
Disable? How?

CONSTANCE:
The slaves have got hammers, haven't they?

ASTA:
What about you?

CONSTANCE:
I'll just have to go at it with my bare hands. Hurry!!!

MUTANTS STILL THRASHING ABOUT, OFF. LIQUID SPLATTERING TO FLOOR.

DALEK #2:
(OFF) Nutrient supply failing. Dalek survivors must restrain themselves!

FOLLOW ASTA AS SHE RUSHES TO CASINGS.

ASTA:
(PICKS UP AND HEFTS HAMMER) A hammer, then. So much for craftsmanship. (EFFORT, SWINGS HAMMER)

SHATTERING GLASS AS THE CASINGS BREAK APART UNDER THE IMPACT. THE NOISE ALERTS THE OTHER DALEK.

DALEK #2:
Dalek casings under attack. Human slaves will apprehend intruders. I must stabilise life-support controls. Hurry!

64: INT. ABBOT'S CHAMBER

DOCTOR:
(STRUGGLES IN THE GRIP OF RASPAK'S GUARDS) Raspak, please, listen to me…!

RASPAK:
Hold the Doctor still, my brothers, so I may spear him in the gut!

TANAPAL:
(EFFORT) No, Raspak! Release the Doctor…!

RASPAK:
Your holiness…?

DOCTOR:
Do as your Abbot tells you!

RASPAK:
(CONFUSED) Master?

TANAPAL:
The Doctor is not our enemy. He never has been…! (GASPS)

RASPAK:
Tanapal. What is it?

BLACK DALEK:
(WEAKLY) Symbiotic mental link severed.

TANAPAL:
(PAINED) The creature that was controlling my mind no longer has any influence over me. At last, I am free of it!

RASPAK:
I do not understand.

TANAPAL:
This metal creature. This Dalek. It has brought nothing but death and despair to our Order. It is a demon!

65: INT. DALEKS' CHAMBER

4 x SLAVES SHUFFLING OVER TO ASTA.

ASTA:
Constance, the slaves! (TO BROTHERS) Please, brothers. Listen to me. You're being used. (GRABBED) Ah! — They've got me!

CONSTANCE:
Hold on, Asta. (RUSHING OVER) Brothers, sister Asta is correct. Once they're done with you, the Daleks will destroy you, along with the whole of your brotherhood!

DALEK #2:
(GLIDING OVER) Human slaves will restrain intruders.

CONSTANCE:
(GRABBED ALSO) Let go, brothers! We mean you no harm!

DALEK #2:
I will exterminate them. Weapon charging.

PLASMA CHARGING UP FX AS BEFORE. CROSS TO:

PENDLE:
It's going to kill them!

ROSCO:
Pull the rest of the tubes out. Quickly!

DALEK MUTANTS WRITHING FRANTICALLY.

PENDLE:
(JUDDERED) I can't get a grip. It's like the creatures inside are trying to break out of these [sacs]

ROSCO:
Pendle, look out!

WITH A HORRIBLE WET TEARING SOUND AND SPLASH OF FLUIDS AN OCTOPUS-LIKE DALEK MUTANT RIPS FREE OF ITS SAC AND ATTACKS PENDLE. JABBING, SUCKING SOUNDS.

PENDLE:
Aaah! Get it off me! Aaaaaaaaahhhh!

HE CONTINUES TO SHRIEK AS WE CROSS TO:

ASTA:
Oh no! Pendle!

DALEK #2:
Alert! Life support systems compromised. Dalek mutants must be protected!

GLIDES OFF.

ASTA:
Constance, we've got to help Pendle!

CONSTANCE:
There's nothing we can do.

ASTA:
I can't watch!

CONSTANCE:
Wait… Asta. The novice holding me. He just released his grip.

ASTA:
Mine too.

THERE IS THE SOUND OF HAMMERS AND METAL BARS BEING PICKED UP FROM AROUND THE WORKSHOP.

CONSTANCE:
They're picking up tools. Advancing on the Dalek!

66: INT. ABBOT'S CHAMBER

TANAPAL:
(COMMUNING WITH MONKS IN DALEK CHAMBER) Hear me, my brothers. Be free. Destroy these demons from another world.

RASPAK:
Abbot Tanapal?

DOCTOR:
He's communing with the rest of the brotherhood. Urging them to fight back!

BLACK DALEK:
(STIRRING INTO LIFE) New mental link must be established.

DOCTOR:
Oh no. Raspak – quickly! Help me get Tanapal well away from that creature.

TANAPAL:
(EFFORT) I will not allow it to take over my mind again. I will resist!

DOCTOR:
Hear that, Black Dalek? It's no use. You're beaten! So much for the futility of resistance.

RASPAK:/BLACK DALEK:
(POSSESSED) No… Doctor. Resistance is futile!

TANAPAL:
Brother Raspak?

DOCTOR:
Oh, no. It's in him now…!

67: INT. DALEKS' CHAMBER

4 x SLAVES SHUFFLING TOWARDS DALEK.

DALEK #2:
Human slaves will obey orders. Restrain those women. Obey! Obey!

CONSTANCE:
Asta, you have to use that transmitter! Call for help.

ASTA:
But Assessor Pendle…!

CONSTANCE:
It's too late for him!

DALEK #2:
Stay back! Stay back or I will exterminate you!

PLASMA BLAST. A NOVICE CRASHES TO THE FLOOR. RECHARGING BEGINS.

DALEK #2:
Plasma weapon recharging! Stay back! Stay back!

3 x NOVICES SMASHING AT THE DALEK WITH HAMMERS AND STICKS.

DALEK #2:
Under attack! Under attack!

SMASHING GLASS, AND HAMMER BLOWS ON METAL AS THE NOVICES ATTACK THE DALEK.

DALEK #2:
Casing compromised. My function is impaired!!!

68: INT. ABBOT'S CHAMBER

RASPAK:/BLACK DALEK:
(JABBING SPEAR) Doctor. I will eviscerate you…!

DOCTOR:
(DODGING SPEAR) Black Dalek – that's a very primitive weapon.

RASPAK:/BLACK DALEK:
But nonetheless effective at close quarters!

JABS; RIPS THE DOCTOR'S COAT.

DOCTOR:
Ahh! Tanapal – the Black Dalek! You have to destroy it! You have to break the link with Raspak!

TANAPAL:
I have summoned assistance already, Doctor. (CALLING) Come!

DOORS BURST OPEN.

MANY MONKS:
(RUSH IN, CHEERING)

RASPAK:/BLACK DALEK:
These creatures are unarmed. But I am not!

DOCTOR:
Far from it, Black Dalek. They've brought oil lamps!

TANAPAL:
As I decreed. (CALLING) Brothers – the creature behind the curtain is a demon. Purify it! Send it back to the flames!

RASPAK:/BLACK DALEK:
No! No! You must not!

MANY MONKS:
(ROAR AS THEY HURL OIL LAMPS)

LAMPS SHATTER. FLAMES TAKE HOLD. BURNING CURTAIN. BLACK DALEK BEGINS TO BURN.

RASPAK:/BLACK DALEK:
(SHRIEKS) Emergency! I am burning! I am meltiiiiiiiiing…!

TANAPAL:
Its body melts, but the creature is in Raspak still!

DOCTOR:
I know. Everybody out, before the whole place goes up!

TANAPAL:
What about you, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
When the creature dies, the link will be broken. Until then, I can't get Raspak out! Go, go!

TANAPAL AND MONKS HURRY OUT.

RASPAK:/BLACK DALEK:
(HUMAN PART – EFFORT) You must leave too, Doctor. Take your companions, and your blue caravan, and leave my world!

DOCTOR:
Raspak? Is that you speaking? I'm not leaving without you.

RASPAK:/BLACK DALEK:
(HUMAN PART – EFFORT) The creature hopes to find another vessel still. It hopes to take over you. But I resist it. I will not allow it to leave! So let us burn, Doctor!

DOCTOR:
Raspak??

RASPAK:
(SHOVING DOCTOR) Go!!! Let us burn!!! Let us be pure!!!

DOCTOR:
I have to find my friends. Peace be with you, brother Raspak.

SECRET PASSAGE DOOR GRINDS OPEN. DOCTOR EXITS AS THE FLAMES RISE EVER HIGHER. FADE.

69: INT. DALEKS' CHAMBER

THE SOUND OF THE DALEK HEARTBEAT HAS CEASED.

CONSTANCE:
Try again, Asta. You must get through.

ASTA:
Repeat, this is Junior Assessor Asta to Galactic Census control. We are in desperate need of emergency planetary evacuation. A Dalek force has been operating on Strellin. We believe more Daleks to be on the way.

CRUNCH OF BROKEN GLASS AS DOCTOR ENTERS THE ROOM.

DOCTOR:
Mrs Clarke. You're safe.

CONSTANCE:
(RELIEVED) Doctor. Shh, Asta's transmitting.

ASTA:
Grade two protocols are temporarily revoked. Do you receive, over?

DOCTOR:
I thought the plan was to disable the transmitter?

CONSTANCE:
We were too late. The message reached the Dalek fleet.

DOCTOR:
And Assessor Pendle…?

ASTA:
Dead, Doctor. The Dalek mutants, they…

DOCTOR:
I'm sorry.

CONSTANCE:
Some sort of venom in their bites, we think. Rosco and I managed to dispose of them with the help of the novices. (BEAT) Where is Rosco?

ASTA:
He was just here! — Rosco?

DOCTOR:
Rosco!

CROSS TO:

70: INT. PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE DALEKS' CHAMBER [CONTINUOUS]

WE CAN HEAR DOCTOR AND THE OTHERS CALLING HIS NAME, BUT ROSCO DOES NOT HEAR THEM.

DOCTOR:
(DISTANT) Rosco!

CONSTANCE:
(DISTANT) Rosco, where are you?

ROSCO:
(TO HIMSELF) Yes. Yes, I hear you, Master.
(BEAT)
Yes, Master – you're right. I talk too much and never listen.
(BEAT)
Yes, Master. If that is your wish…

HURRIES AWAY. FADE.

71: EXT. COURTYARD

SPLINTERING OF FALLING TIMBERS, AND THE ROAR OF FLAMES AS THE WHOLE MONASTERY BEGINS TO BURN. DOCTOR, CONSTANCE, ASTA RUSH OUT.

DOCTOR:
Come on, Mrs Clarke! The whole place is going up!

CONSTANCE:
I don't see Rosco. What about Rosco? Where did he go?

ASTA:
There's nothing we can do, Constance. The whole place is ablaze.

TANAPAL:
(COMING OVER) It is nothing but timber and stone. What is important is that our Order will survive.

DOCTOR:
Abbot Tanapal. You're safe.

ASTA:
No-one's safe! More Daleks could be on their way!

TANAPAL:
Then we will hide from them. They will find nothing of interest here, and they will leave us in peace.

DOCTOR:
I wish I had your confidence, Tanapal. But if the Daleks work out the potential of the Dream Flowers…

TANAPAL:
They will not. Look out onto the mountainside, Doctor. The Monastery is not the only thing ablaze.

DOCTOR:
That's the valley of the Dream Flowers! Oh, no…!

CONSTANCE:
I don't understand.

DOCTOR:
It would seem that Master Boswyck has taken matters into his own hands. Of course, that's why he insisted on staying behind. He didn't want to risk the Daleks ever finding the valley. *Ostrecallis Mediosai* is finally extinct.

ROSCO:
(APPROACHING – COUGHING)
It is not, Doctor. Not entirely.

CONSTANCE:
Rosco!

DOCTOR:
(STERN) And where did you go running off to? (GENTLER) Are you all right?

ROSCO:
(COUGHING) I had something to fetch, for my master.

ASTA:
The plant from Boswyck's quarters!

DOCTOR:
If the Daleks lean that this one single flower still exists…

ROSCO:
(FIRM) They will not. This will be our sacred duty now, to guard this one flower with our lives. Until our world once again knows peace.

TANAPAL:
It would seem that the apprentice has become the Master. Doctor, my brothers and I must depart, in search of some other place to establish our new Order.

DOCTOR:
I wish you luck. All of you.

TANAPAL AND ROSCO HEAD OFF INTO THE NIGHT.

DOCTOR:
Come along, Mrs Clarke. (WALKING OVER TO TARDIS) The TARDIS is untouched by the flames, but not for much longer.

CONSTANCE:
(FOLLOWS HIM) What about you, Asta? Can we take you back home?

AS DOCTOR UNLOCKS TARDIS DOOR:

ASTA:
I have to wait for the rescue ship. There'll be a big clean-up operation, and the exclusion zone around this planet will have to be extended, and reinforced. Just to make sure the Daleks don't dare return. This is a world of innocence and beauty, and I'll do my utmost to see it remains so.

DOCTOR:
I have a feeling that you just passed your final test, Assessor Asta. (PUSHING TARDIS DOOR) Come along, Mrs Clarke.

TARDIS DOOR SLAMS. DEMATERIALISATION BEGINS.

THE END